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COLLECTANEA,

OR

SELECT POEMS.

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COLLECTANEA :

OR

SELECT POEMS.

MORAL,	§	PLAINTIVE,
HUMOROUS,	§	SATIRICAL,
MELODIOUS,	§	SENTIMENTAL

. AND

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM VARIOUS CELEBRATED AND APPROVED
AUTHORS.

Stealing and giving sweets.—SHAKESPEARE.

As the small mountain bees collect,
With daily toil the grateful thyme—
Thus I more weighty truths select,
Or crop the flow'ry sweets of rhyme.—DYER.

~~~~~

SELECTED AND COMPILED

BY SAMUEL C. STEVENS.

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HAVERHILL, N. H.

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## PREFACE.

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DEEM not this impertinence or folly. I come not as an author, making sounding pretensions, and thereby soliciting a *liberal patronage* from a "candid and generous public," but merely a compiler; and as such, beg the charity and candour of all in judging of its merits.

To the admirers of Poesy and Song, it is hoped the following selection of Fugitive Poems will be a feast of entertainment; especially as it embraces extracts upon different subjects. Whatever be the subject of favoriteism; whatever be the theme upon which they delight to dwell, it is hoped they will be gratified.

It has been my constant endeavor, my unre-mitted attention, to render the work pleasing and acceptable to all. There may, still however, be some objection to the choice of the collection; in this I may erred, as "to err is human; but "to forgive, divine."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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SOME apology may be due to those who have subscribed for this little volume, for its appearance at this late day; the proposals for publishing the same having been issued upwards of a year.

It was calculated at the time the proposals were issued, that the work would be ready for subscribers by the fall of 1822; but the contractor for printing was not aware of the multiplicity of work he had to perform, which, together with the management of a weekly paper, prevented the work from going to press until the present time. This, with the fact that a sufficient number of subscribers were not obtained to warrant the expence, may be assigned as a sufficient reason for its not appearing before. By this delay, however, some essential alterations have been made in the work, and some admirable pieces selected, which would not have appeared, had it been published last year; among which are the *Indian Philosopher*, and others, from *Watts' Lyric Poems*.

I rely on the merits of the work alone, for the approbation of the public. S. C. S.

*Corinth, Vt. June 1, 1823.*

# COLLECTANEA :

OR

## SELECT POEMS

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### ADDRESS TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BY R. BURNS.

The subject of the following poem, was Mary Campbell, to whom the author, a Scottish Bard, was betrothed. They had met on the banks of the Ayr, in May, in a sequestered spot, where they spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for the projected union. At the close of Autumn following, she crossed the sea at Greenock to meet him, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which carried her to her grave, even before he could hear of her illness. On the anniversary of her death, he retired from his family and wandered solitary on the banks of the Nith, where his agitation was so great, he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy, which follows.—*Compiler.*

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to meet the early morn !  
Again thou usher'st in the day,  
My Mary from my soul was torn !

O Mary ! dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?—  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
To live one day of parting love !

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past ;  
Thy image at our last embrace ;  
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr purling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'er hung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,  
'Till too, too soon the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wake,

And fondly broods with miser care ;  
Time but th' impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear, departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

*STANZAS TO JESSY.*—BY LORD BYRON.

The following exquisite Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady, a few months before their separation.

THERE is a mystic thread of life  
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,  
That Destiny's relentless knife  
At once must sever both or none.

THERE is a form, on which these eyes  
Have often gaz'd with fond delight ;  
By day that form their joy supplies,  
And dreams restore it through the night.

THERE is a voice, whose tones inspire  
Such thrills of rapture in my breast,  
I would not hear a Seraph choir,  
Unless that voice could join the rest !

THERE is a face, whose blushes tell  
Affection's tale upon the cheek ;  
But pallid at one fond farewell,  
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

THERE is a lip, which mine hath prest,  
And none had ever prest before ;  
It vow'd to make it sweetly blest,  
And mine—mine only, prest it more !

THERE is a bosom—all my own—  
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head ;  
A mouth—which smiles on me alone ;  
An eye—whose tears with mine are shed.

THERE are two hearts, whose movements thrill  
In unison so closely sweet,  
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,  
They both must leave, or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow  
 In gentle streams so calmly run,  
 That when they part—They part !—Ah no !  
 They cannot part—their souls are one !



### DIRGE OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

*Executed after the Rebellion.*—BY WALTER SCOTT.

Son of the mighty and the free !  
 Lov'd leader of the faithful brave !  
 Was it for high-rank'd chief like thee,  
 To fill a nameless grave !  
 Oh ! had'st thou slumber'd with the slain,  
 Had glory's death-bed been thy lot,  
 E'en though on red Culloden's plain,  
 We then had mourn'd thee not !

But darkly clos'd thy morn of fame,  
 That morn whose sunbeam rose so fair,  
 Revenge alone may breathe thy name,  
 The watchword of despair !  
 Yet oh ! if gallant spirits power  
 Has e'er ennobl'd death like thine,  
 Then glory mark'd thy parting hour,  
 Last of a mighty line !

O'er thy own bowers the sunshine falls,  
 But cannot cheer their lonely gloom,  
 Those beams, that gild thy native walls,  
 Are sleeping on thy tomb.  
 Spring on thy mountains laughs the while,  
 The green woods wave in vernal air,  
 But the lov'd scenes may vainly smile,  
 Not e'en thy dust is there !

On thy blue hills no bugle sound  
 Is mingling with the torrents roar ;

Unmark'd the red deer sport around,  
 Thou lead'st the chase no more.  
 Thy gates are clos'd, thy halls are still,  
 Those halls where swell'd the choral strain,  
 They hear the wild winds murmuring shrill,  
 And all is hush'd again.

Thy bard his pealing harp has broke,  
 His fire, his joy of song is past ;  
 One lay to mourn thy fate he woke  
 His saddest and his last ;  
 No other theme to him was dear.  
 Than lofty deeds of thine ;  
 Hush'd be the strain thou can'st not hear,  
 Last of a mighty line !

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*WOMAN.*—BY Q. IN THE CORNER.

OH woman ! by nature ordain'd to bestow  
 Ev'ry joy that enlivens us pilgrims below ;  
 Through life ever hovering near to assuage  
 The ills that assail us from boyhood to age :  
 In every affliction man's surest relief,  
 In sickness his nurse, and his solace in grief ;  
 When his spirit is clouded by error and shame,  
 Her tenderness still may the truant reclaim :  
 And he whom no threats and no terrors could move,  
 Will bow to the milder dominion of Love.

In the realms of the gay we behold her advance,  
 All lightness and loveliness joining the dance ;  
 But the revellers gone, in seclusion she moves,  
 Regardless of all save the *one* that she loves.

Enchantress ! adorn'd with attractions like these,  
 In mind and in person created to please ;  
 Oh ! why will you sully the charms you possess,  
 Instructing mankind how to worship you less ?

Thus perfect by nature, can fashion impart  
 One additional charm with the finger of art ?  
 No,—fruitless the search for fresh beauties must be,  
 While all that is beautiful centres in thee.



*A PORTRAIT.*—BY MRS. ROLLS.

THERE is a calmness on that brow,  
 Though traced by lines of earthly care ;  
 No anxious thought disturbs it now,  
 For all seems fix'd and settl'd there.

THERE is a languor in that eye,  
 The struggle of the soul seems pass'd ;  
 No gathering tear is rising nigh,  
 There all seems still and sunk at last.

No swelling sigh that bosom heaves,  
 It rises slowly like the wave,  
 Which sadly tranquil ocean heaves,  
 To wash the shipwreck'd seamen's grave.

YET scorn him not, ye selfish train !  
 That murmur o'er each little woe ;  
 Who ne'er a lonely pang sustain,  
 Or bid one tear unnotic'd flow !

YET never knew the noble pride,  
 The unborn dignity of mind,  
 That can its keenest feelings hide,  
 When every earthly hopes' resign'd !

FOR on that high, that open brow,  
 Once beam'd the energies of mind ;  
 And that sunk eye, so languid now,  
 Has glow'd with tenderness refin'd.

BUT oh ! that sadly swelling heart  
 Conceals a wound that must remain ;

No soothing balm relieves its smart,  
Or binds the ever bleeding vein.

Then, what can wake the tender tear,  
Or bid the tide of genius roll,  
To him, who sees each future year,  
A deep, sad solitude of soul !



## DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE OF LOVE.

*From Rhododaphne. A poem in 2 vols.*

“CENTRAL amid the myrtle grove  
That venerable temple stands ;  
Three statues, raised to gifted hands,  
Distinct with sculptured emblems fair,  
Creative, heavenly, earthly love.  
The first, of stone and sculpture rude,  
From immemorial time has stood ;  
Not even in vague tradition known  
The hand that rais'd that ancient stone.  
Of brass the next, with holiest thought,  
The skill of Sicyon's artist wrought.  
The third, a marble form divine,  
That seems to move, and breathe, and smile.  
Fair Phryne to this holy shrine  
Convey'd, when her propitious wile  
Had forced her lover to impart,  
The choicest treasure of his art.  
Here, too, in sculptured beauty's pride,  
His skill has placed by Venus' side ;  
Nor well the enraptured gaze describes,  
Which best might claim the Hesperian prize.

Fairest youths and maids assembling,  
Dance the myrtle bowers among :  
Harps to softest numbers trembling,  
Pour the impassion'd strain along,

Where the poets' gifted song  
 Holds the intensely list'ning throng.  
 Matrons grave, and sages grey,  
 Lead the youthful train, to pay  
 Homage on the opening day  
 Of love's returning festival:  
 Every fruit, and every flower,  
 Sacred to his greater power,  
 Twin'd in garlands bright and sweet,  
 They place before his sculptur'd feet,  
 And on his name they call:  
 From thousand lips, with glad acclaim,  
 Is breath'd at once that sacred name,  
 And music, kindling at the sound,  
 Wafts holier, tenderer strains around:  
 The rose a richer sweet exhales;  
 The myrtle waves in softer gales;  
 Through every breast one influence flies;  
 All hate, all evil passion dies.  
 The heart of man, in that blest spell,  
 Becomes at once a sacred cell,  
 Where Love, and only Love can dwell."



### LOVE'S BILLET-DOUX.

LOVE wrote a billet—what do you think  
 Was Lov's paper, pen and ink?  
 Not such things as mortals use;  
 Luk of sable, quill of goose,  
 Pewter stand, and paper wove  
 Out of rags, wont do for Love.  
 He cut the heart of a dove in two,  
 And mixed the drops with honey dew;  
 In an amber vase he plac'd it then,  
 And went to seek for a lover's pen.  
 He pluck'd a ray from the setting sun,  
 A plume of light, as the day is done,

For Love is warm, tho' night invades,  
 And love is bright among the shades.  
 He waited till the stars arose,  
 Ere he his billet would compose ;  
 He wrote on rose leaves, newly blown,  
 Because their fragrance is his own.  
 A glass of capillaire he quaffed,  
 Then laughing wrote, and writing laughed.

*" We were for each other born,  
 We are from each other torn ;  
 Where we should, then let us be,  
 I with you, and you with me."*

Love copied then his Billet-Doux,  
 One for me and one for you ;  
 He sealed them with his own dear kiss,  
 And sent them by the mail of bliss.



## TO EMMA.

MY EMMA,—dear, a sad farewell,  
 For we alas ! must part.  
 And rent will be the magic spell  
 That twin'd around each heart—my love,  
 That twin'd around each heart.

Oh ! for many a rosy hour  
 I've stedfast gaz'd on thee,  
 But stern Fate's relentless power,  
 Will tear thee far from me—my love,  
 Will tear the far from me.

But, Emma, wilt thou e'er forget  
 The hours of bliss we've known,  
 Or will a tear thine eyelid wet,  
 To think that they are flown—my love,  
 To think that they are flown.

When lightnings quiver through the sky,  
 And hewing thunders roll,  
 Its flash reminds me of thine eye,  
 Whose glance lit on my soul—my love,  
 Whose glance lit on my soul.



### *GO, IDLE LAYS !*

Go, idle lays !  
 Tell her whose youthful heart beats high  
 To future days,  
 That now so fair in prospect lie,  
 How soon our dearest transports die !

Tell her whose cheek  
 The blush of conscious pleasure wears,  
 That they who seek  
 To find delights unmix'd with cares,  
 Shall own the fond deceit in tears,

Say, that while charms,  
 Which Hebe's transient pleasure lends,  
 The bosom warms ;  
 Time's envious breath the canker sends,  
 That youth's enchanting season ends.

To her whom health  
 With ruddy blushes high illumines,  
 Say, that by stealth  
 Disease to pallid wrinkles dooms  
 The cheek that now so sweetly blooms.

Tell her whose form  
 The partial hand of beauty gave,  
 That from the worm  
 Kind Pity's touch shall never save  
 The charms that moulder in the grave !

What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth  
Heaven's cov'nant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smil'd  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth deliver'd from the deep—  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptur'd greet thy beam :  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshen'd fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast  
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heav'n still rebuilds thy span ;  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
 That first spoke peace to man.



*THE WASP.*—BY MR. UPTON.

LITTLE cruel renown'd fly,  
 Why the fair Maria sting ?  
 She ne'er caus'd distress a sigh,  
 She ne'er a living thing.

Though you dar'd invade her breast,  
 Did she treat thee like a foe ?  
 Or thy frame too roughly press'd ;  
 Like tyrant, No, O, no.

When thy enemies drew near,  
 Did she not avert thy death ?  
 Did not mercy interfere,  
 Issuing pardon from her breast ?

Here and there she let thee tread,  
 Where no rude hand ever press'd ;  
 Yet by spite or envy led,  
 Thou could'st harm that tender breast.

There, e'en there ! no treachery's wing,  
 Could'st not from base wrong assist ;  
 But Ingrate, that bosom sting,  
 Monarchs would have died to kiss.



*LOVELY ROSE.*

TUNE.—*Snowy Rose go deck my fair.*  
 LOVELY Rose, upon the thorn,  
 Glittering with the pearls of morn,

Like a smile, that's gaily hung  
 On beauty's tempting lips so young;  
 Gentleness may ever share thee,  
 But the hands that rudely tear thee,  
 Shall be stung and never wear thee.

Charming Rose, go tell the maid,  
 Where my fondest vows are paid,  
 To throw on thee a smile as bright,  
 As ever beam'd from morning's light ;  
 Go, sweet flower, and also tell her,  
 All thy beauties can't excel her,  
 All thy beauties can't excel her.

F.



## *GRAVE OF THE DUELLIST.*

BY R. S. COFFIN.

Who sleeps beneath this dreary mound,  
 Whose ashes here repose ?  
 Say not 'tis holy, hallow'd ground,  
 There's blood upon the rose !

Does there a hero sleep beneath,  
 Some chief of spotless fame ?  
 The flow'rets here no fragrance breath,  
 No marble speaks his name !

Is it the lover's wither'd form,  
 That lies so dark and low ?  
 I hear no requiem but the storm,  
 No mournful sound of wo !

Is it religions' humble child,  
 That sleeps in silence here ?  
 Around this spot, so drear and wild,  
 I view no friendly tear.

No—he whose dust is here enshrin'd,  
 Possessed a ruffian's heart ;  
 No wreath, by Beauty's hand entwin'd,  
 Did fame to him impart.

Religion wept not o'er his grave,  
 No friend his loss did mourn ;  
 He lived, of Honour false, the SLAVE—  
 He died his COUNTRY'S SCORN.

---

### WHAT I WISH.

I wish my friends were more sincere,  
 That slander's tongue would never bay me,  
 And if I whisper in one's ear  
 A secret—that he'd not betray me.

I wish for wealth—I wish for fame—  
 And yet some good I would be doing ;  
 Though I'd despise a splendid name,  
 Built on my suffering neighbour's ruin.

To the Attorney—cunning wit—  
 Most heartily I wish some conscience ;  
 And to the fopling 'dandy' light,  
 I wish an end of all his nonsense.

To each fair lass of gentle mind,  
 And soul with virtue's bright flame burning ;  
 I wish each pleasure, pure, refin'd,  
 With each successive day returning.

I wish—I can't tell *all* I wish—  
 But this I know, in plain, fair dealing ;  
 I wish each hungry mouth a dish,  
 And to the *rich* some sense of feeling.

*ON BEAUTY.*—BY S. WOODWORTH.

BEAUTY, sweet mysterious power,  
 Secret spring of all that moves,  
 Goddess of the Paphian bower,  
 Mother of the infant lovers ;

Which can make the wicked good,  
 Savage sentiments abolish,  
 Melt the bard, refine the rude,  
 Teach the clown, the courtier's polish ;

Which can make the simple wise,  
 Or deprive the wise of reason ;  
 Bid the Statesman sink or rise,  
 Urge to loyalty and treason.

Now exciting modest fear,  
 Now with lawless rudeness firing ;  
 Prompting to be faithless here,  
 There with constancy inspiring.

'Tis the power that banes or blesses,  
 Where shall we its image find ?  
 'Tis the nymph whose eye expresses,  
 Charms belonging to the mind.

*SUNSHINE OF THE BREAST.*

THERE is a " sunshine of the breast,"  
 Can calm life's troubled way,  
 Can soothe the soul with grief oppress'd,  
 Can give to joy a higher zest,  
 And brighten reason's ray.

Whate'er our state, where'er we roam,  
 It lightens every care,  
 Expels foul discord from our home,  
 And places sweet contentment there.

Suns, moons, shall set to rise no more,  
 No longer radiance give ;  
 Convulsions rend from shore to shore,  
 But *Virtue* shall forever live.



### MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY ! what bard e'er sung  
 Sublimely sweet as he,  
 'Tis like the flow of angel tongue,  
 His hallowed poesy.

Not from Aonia's sacred mount  
 Came his inspiring muse,  
 Nor drew he from Castalia's fount,  
 But drank Heaven's crystal dew.

By nature nurs'd the poet grew  
 Without the rules of art ;  
 He trac'd the maze of feeling through,  
 And studied at the heart.

And oh ! where'er a heart is found  
 To feel the sweet control,  
 His verse shall charm, himself be crown'd,  
 The poet of the soul.



### BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

THERE is a ray that breaks the gloom,  
 Of Sorrow's years ;  
 That gilds our pathway to the tomb,  
 Dispels our fears.

It rose with " healing in its beam"  
 In darkest hour ;

And shone in majesty supreme  
O'er Bethlehem's tow'r.

Bright star ! through thee the child of grief,  
At last is bless'd ;  
Through thee the mourner finds relief,  
The weary rest.



TO \*\*\*\*.—CROAKER, & Co.

AIR.—“ *Shanon's Side.* ”

THE world is bright before thee,  
Its summer flowers are thine,  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,  
Thy bosom, Pleasure's shrine ;  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To nature's morning hour,  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,  
The death-dire of the gay,  
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,  
These charms may melt away ;  
That suns bright beam be shaded,  
Thy sky be blue no more,  
The summer flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely  
Thy evening hours may be,  
Though Beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea ;  
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art,  
The wild flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

## ODE TO IMPUDENCE.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

*Horace, Book 1, Ode 22.—CROAKER, & Co.*

THE man who wears a brazen face,  
 Quite *a son aise*, his glass may quaff;  
 And whether in or out of place,  
 May twirl his stick and laugh !  
 Useless to him the broad doubloon,  
 Red note, or dollar of the mill ;  
 Though all his gold be in the moon,  
 His brass is current money still.  
 Thus—when my cash was at low water,  
 At Niblo's I sat down to dine ;  
 And, after a tremendous slaughter  
 Among the wild fowl and the wine,  
 The *bill* before my eyes was plac'd—  
 When, slightly turning round my head,  
 “ *Charge it*,” cried I—the man amaz'd !  
 Star'd—made his congee—and obey'd.

Oh ! hear me to some forest thick,  
 Where wampum'd Choctaws prowl alone ;  
 Where ne'er was heard the name of *tick*,  
 And *bankrupt* laws are quite unknown ;  
 Or to some shop, by bucks abhor'd,  
 Who to the longing pauper's sorrow,  
 The curst inscription decks the board,  
 Of “ *Pay to-day and trust to-morrow :*”  
 Or plunge me in a dungeon tower,  
 With bolts and turnkeys blast mine eyes :  
 While, call'd from death by Marshall's power,  
 The ghosts of murder'd debts arise !  
 The easy dupes I'll wheedle still  
 With looks of brass and words of honey ;  
 And having scor'd a decent bill,  
 Pay off my impudence for money.

*THE VANITY OF FASHION.*

A PARODY, ON PSALM 39 C. M.

TEACH me the measure of the waist,  
Thou maker of the gown,  
I would survey the judgement, taste,  
And fashion of the town.

Fashion is all that we can boast,  
A change or two in time,  
We are at best a bill of cost,  
In all our flow'r and prime.

See the vain race of females move,  
Like *gipsies* o'er the plain ;  
Their laugh, their joke, their actions prove,  
That all their noise is vain.

Some walk the street to make a show,  
Some sit across the floor,  
They spend their time, they know not how,  
And straight are seen no more.

Why should you place dependence, then,  
On such false glit'ring dust ?  
They'll make your expectations vain,  
And disappoint your trust.

Now then forbid your foolish hope,  
Your gallant feats recall,  
Give all your fickle follies up,  
And make your home your all.

—

*LINES OF EDWARD MORTON, WHO DIED  
FOR LOVE.*

Never man died of love it was Edward Morton. The  
lady to whom he became early attached was married

to another. - Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards. The lady, it is said, was unhappy in her union, and did not survive many years. Morton died at Córфу. A Portrait of the Lady was found in his port folio, wrapped up in the following lines :

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go  
Within the sacred aisle,  
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,  
Betwixt a tear and smile.  
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,  
But he it lov'd so fervently  
Was faithless all the while ;  
I hate him for the vow he spoke—  
I hate him for the vow he broke.

I hid the love that could not die,  
Its doubts, and hopes, and fears,  
And buried all my misery  
In secrecy and tears ;  
And days past on, and thou didst prove  
The pang of unrequited love,  
E'en in thy early years ;  
And thou didst die, so fair and good !  
In silence and in solitude !

While thou wert living, I did hide  
Affection's secret pains ;  
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride  
For all the world contains ;  
But thou hast perish'd, and the fire  
That often check'd, could ne'er expire,  
Again unbidding reigns ;  
It is no crime to speak my vow,  
For ah ! thou can'st not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone,  
That dark and dreamless sleep ;

And he, the lov'd and chosen one,  
 Why goes he not to weep?  
 He does not kneel where I have knelt,  
 He can not feel what I have felt  
 The anguish still and deep ;  
 The painful thoughts of what has been,  
 The canker-worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave  
 Unconsciously I ride,  
 My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,  
 My soul is by thy side.  
 There is one voice that wails thee *yet*,  
 One heart that cannot e'er forget  
 The visions that have died ;  
 And aye thy form is buried there,  
 A doubt—an anguish—a despair !



COURT REVELS.—BY W. SCOTT.

Now in gay Holyrood the while,  
 Dame Heron rises with a smile,  
 Upon the harp to play.  
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
 The strings her finger's flew,  
 And, as she touch'd and tun'd them all,  
 E'en her white bosom's rise and fall,  
 Was plainer given to view.  
 For *all for heat*, was laid aside,  
 Her wimple, and her plaid untied,  
 And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,  
 Then *glanc'd her dark eye* on the king,  
 And then around the silent ring,  
 And *laugh'd*, and *blush'd*, and *oft did say*,  
 Her *pretty oath*, by *yea* and *nay* ;  
 She *could not*, *would not*, *durst not play*.

At length upon the harp with glee,  
 Mingled with such simplicity,  
 A soft, yet lively air she rung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung.



### *BEAUTY IN TEARS.*

OH! who could betray such a bosom to anguish,  
 And blight all the roses, which innocence wear;  
 Bid love's early smile on the pale cheek to languish,  
 And gaze on the ruin—on beauty in tears.

Is it fate has dissolv'd the gay vision of gladness,  
 Every thought that delighted, each tie that endears?  
 The light chords of pleasure are softened to sadness,  
 When touch'd by the finger—of beauty in tears.

Yet hope, though by sorrow awhile it be clouded,  
 Again still shall brighten, the pathway of years;  
 As the moon, which the tempest of ocean have shrouded,  
 Shines abroad thro' the darkness—like beauty in tears.

Ever cease then ye muses, your love breathing  
 number,  
 And still be this bosom, its hopes and its fears;  
 If friendship shall breath its last sigh on my slumber,  
 And that slumber be hallowed—by beauty in tears.



### *MY NATIVE VALE.*

A PASTORAL SONG FROM THE ITALIAN.

DEAR is my native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds, and warbles there,  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale,  
 To ev'ry passing villager:

The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,  
That breath a gale of fragrance round,  
To charm the fairy-footed hours,  
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The mimic dance in twilight glade,  
The rustic glee, and roundelay,  
Sung in the silent woodland shade ;  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native Vale !



### THE MEETING—BY S. WOODWORTH.

I saw them meet, the pangs of absence o'er ;  
And memory holds a picture of the place ;  
'Twas at the threshold of her cottage door,  
Eliza met her husband's warm embrace.

How animated shone her eager eye  
Where joy's delicious tear suspended hung !  
Her bosom heav'd—but pleasure rais'd the sigh ;  
Her voice was mute—but bliss had sealed her  
tongue.

Press'd in his arms, the chaste connubial kiss  
Her nectur'd lips by turns received and gave ;  
Then as asham'd of the excessive bliss,  
Her love-eyed blush she bids his bosom save.

But recollection whisper'd now a joy—  
'Twas her's to give, and from the trance she starts,

Puts in his arms their little infant boy,  
Love's precious pledge that closer binds their hearts.

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*LYING.*—BY T. MOORE.

I do confess, in many a sigh,  
My lips have breath'd you many a lie ;  
And who, with such delights in view,  
Would loose them for a lie or two ?  
Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving,  
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving !  
If half we tell the girls were true,  
If half we swear to think and do,  
Were ought but lying's bright illusion ;  
The world would be in strange confusion.  
If ladies eyes were every one,  
As lover's swear, a radiant sun,  
Astronomy would leave the skies,  
To learn her lore in ladies eyes !  
Oh no ! believe me, lovely girl,  
When nature turns your teeth to pearl ;  
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,  
Your yellow locks to golden wire ;  
Then, only then, can heaven decree,  
That you should live for only me,  
Or I for you, as night and morn,  
We've swearing kiss'd, and kissing sworn.  
And now, my gentle hints to clear,  
For once I tell you truths my dear ;  
Whenever you chance to meet  
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,  
Long as you're false and he believes you,  
Long as you trust and he deceives you,  
So long the blissful bond endures ;  
And while he lies his heart is yours ;  
But oh ! you've wholly lost the youth,  
The instant that he tells you truth !

*THE GRAVE OF BURNS.*

Is yonder little snowy dome,  
 The sacred shrine, the silent tomb,  
 Where thinking strangers love to come—  
     Where genius mourns ;  
 The last, the solitary home  
     Of thee, poor Burns ?

Yes, yes, that dome adorns thy bed !  
 'Tis given by those who scarcely bread,  
 When living, gave thee ; or a shed  
     To hide thy cares !  
 Remorse hath made them sign the deed,  
     And sealst't with tears.

That little spot is thine, and who  
 Shall turn thee from thy tenure now ?\*  
 Thy term is long, thy landlord true,  
     Thy troubles cease !  
 The great possess no more than thou  
     From Heaven's lease.

Swan of the Nith ! thy wing was light,  
 Thy plumes were whitest of the white,  
 But wild and wayward was thy flight  
     From wave to wave :  
 One course was thine—headstrong and bright,  
     E'en to the grave.

*THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.*

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,  
 But yet he comes not—once it was not so.  
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,  
 The while he holds his riot in that town.

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\*Poverty had obliged him to quit his farm.

Yet he will come and chide and I shall weep ;  
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,  
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.  
 Oh ! how I love a mother's watch to keep,  
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers  
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.  
 I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now  
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow  
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,  
 As bees, from laurel flowers a poison sip ;  
 But yet I cannot hate—Oh ! there were hours,  
 When I could hang forever on his eye,  
 And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,  
 Strew'd as he hurried on, his path with flow'rs.  
 I lov'd him then—he lov'd me too—my heart  
 Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile ;  
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;  
 And though he often sting me with a dart,  
 Venom'd and barb'd ; and waste upon the vile,  
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share ;  
 Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear  
 His madness—and should sickness come and lay  
 Its paralyzing hand upon him, then  
 I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,  
 Until the penitent should weep, and say,  
 How injured and how faithful I had been.

P.

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LINES,—BY MRS. BARBAULD.

*Written in her eightieth year.*

When life in opening buds is sweet,  
 And golden hopes the spirit greet,  
 And youth prepares his joys to meet,  
 Alas ! how hard it is to die !

When scarce is seiz'd some borrow'd prize,  
 And duties press, and tender ties

Forbid the soul from earth to rise,  
How awful then it is to die !

When one by one those ties are torn,  
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,  
And man is left alone to mourn,  
Ah ! then, how easy 'tis to die ?

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,  
And filths slow gathering dim the sight,  
And clouds obscure the mental light,  
'Tis nature's precious boon to die.

When faith is strong and conscience clear,  
And words of peace the spirit cheer,  
And vision'd glories half appear,  
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die !



### HYMN :

*Written in 1802, by the Hon. J. Q. Adams.*

WHEN o'er the billow heaving deep,  
The fathers of our race,  
The precepts of their God to keep,  
Sought here their resting place ;  
That gracious God their path prepar'd  
Preserv'd from ev'ry harm,  
And still for their protection bar'd  
His everlasting arm.

His breath inspiring ev'ry gale,  
Impels them o'er the main ;  
His guardian angels spread the sail,  
And tempests howl in vain :  
For them old ocean's rocks are smooth'd,  
December's face grows mild,  
To vernal airs her blasts are smooth'd,  
And all their rage beguil'd.

When Famine rolls her haggard eyes,  
 His ever bounteous hands  
 Abundance from the sea supplies,  
 And treasures from the sands.  
 Nor yet his tender mercies cease ;  
 His over-ruling plan  
 Inclines to gentleness and peace  
 The heart of savage man.

And can our stony bosoms be  
 To all these wonders blind ?  
 Nor swell with thankfulness to Thee,  
 O, Parent of mankind !  
 All gracious God ! inflame our zeal,  
 Dispense one blessing more !  
 Grant us thy boundless love to feel,  
 Thy goodness to adore.



TO MISS \*\*\*\*

I LOVE thy form's enchanting grace,  
 The smile that decks thy dimpled face ;  
 The careless look, and joyous mien,  
 Where never ceasing laughter's seen,  
 The archness sparkling in thy eyes ;  
 But O ! thy trifling I despise.  
 That trifling, which, where'er thou art,  
 Still seems thy soul's far better part ;  
 Though genius, beauty, sense are thine,  
 All, all are sunk in folly's mine ;  
 Unmeaning whispers—bantering play,  
 In one dull round fill up each day.  
 O check these flights, while yet you may,  
 For once let reason hold her sway ;  
 Let wisdom's voice, ' whose paths are peace,'  
 Bid all these silly humours cease ;  
 Or else, howe'er your charms are priz'd,  
 You'll just be known to be despised.

## POEM.—BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE lion o'er his wild domains,  
Rules by the *terror* of his eye ;  
The eagle of the rock maintains  
By *force* his empire in the sky.

The shark, the tyrant of the flood,  
Pursues his prey with quenchless rage,  
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,  
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move and breathe,  
Man only rises o'er his birth ;  
He looks around, above, beneath,  
At once the heir of heaven and earth.

Force, cunning, speed, which nature gave  
The various tribes throughout her plan ;  
Life to enjoy—from death to save—  
These are the *lowest* powers of man.

From strength to strength he travels on ;  
He leaves the lingering brute behind ;  
And, when a few short years are gone,  
He soars, a disembodied mind.

Destined his future course sublime  
Through nobler, brighter paths to run ;  
With him the final end of time  
Is but eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,  
Opens, illumines, cheers his way ?  
Discerns th' immortal from the brute,  
God's image from the mound of clay ?

'Tis knowledge—knowledge to the soul,  
Is power, and liberty, and peace :  
And while celestial ages roll,  
The joys of knowledge shall increase.

And then, the generous plan,  
Which spreads the light with universal beams ;  
And thought the human desert leads  
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.

Behold a new creation rise !  
New spirit breath'd into a cloud —  
Behold, the voice of wisdom cries,  
" Man, know thyself," and fear thy God.



### SONG : COME RAYMOND.

A woman having rescued by stratagem, her husband,  
(who was a prisoner of war) from the place of his  
confinement, sings the following song, as they are  
pursuing their journey homeward by night.

COME Raymond, Raymond, speed along,  
Dark fears upon my fancy throng,  
For we are foreign wilds among,  
With not a friend to guide us ;  
Rough, rough and dreary is the road,  
That leads to our once bless'd abode,  
And hark from yonder bursting cloud,  
The tempest seems to hide us.

O, Raymond, I have wander'd far,  
Led by the light of love's pure star,  
Through scenes where slaughter drives her car,  
To succour and to save thee ;  
And there full many a scheme I've plann'd,  
To bear thee from the foeman's hand,  
Who raising high the vengeful brand,  
Soon, soon of life would reave thee.

Success my darling toil has crown'd,  
No prison walls thy form surround,

With quicker steps then let us bound,  
 And fresh our spirits rally :  
 For thee the storm has roll'd away ;  
 The smiling dawn leads on the day,  
 And yonder, clad in rich array,  
 Appears our native valley.

All hail, ye honor'd objects ; hail,  
 Ye flowery lawns ; thou fertile dale,  
 And streamlet where the fitful gale,  
 In sportive mood is swelling ;  
 And hail, once more, ye forms so bright,  
 Quick rising to my raptur'd sight,  
 That crown with every new delight,  
 The cotter's happy dwelling.



## COLIN AND LUCY.

The following was written by *Tickell*, the friend of *Ad-dison*, a hundred years ago : it is one of the purest models of Ballad composition that has ever appeared in our language.—*Comp.*

OF Leinster fam'd for maiden's fair,  
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream,  
 Reflect so fair a face ;

Till luckless love, and pining care  
 Impair'd her rosy hue,  
 Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,  
 When beating rains descend ?  
 So droop'd the slow consuming maid,  
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains,  
 Take heed, ye easy fair!  
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
 Ye perjur'd swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring,  
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,  
 The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well, the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn boding sound,  
 And thus in dying words bespoke,  
 The virgin's weeping round :

" I heard a voice you cannot hear,  
 Which says I must not stay ;  
 I see a hand, you cannot see,  
 Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows  
 In early youth I die ;  
 Was I to blame, because his bride  
 Was thrice as rich as I ?

Ah, *Colin* ! give not her thy vows,  
 Vows due to me alone :  
 Nor thou fond maid ! receive his kiss,  
 Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed  
 Impatient, both prepare ;  
 But know fond maid ! and know false man !  
 That *Lucy* will be there.

Then bear my corse, ye comrades ! bear,  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 He in his wedding trim so gay,  
 I in my winding sheet.

She spoke ; she died—her corse was borne  
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
He in his wedding trim so gay,  
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts,  
How were those nuptials kept !  
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell ;  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more !)  
The varying crimson fled,  
When stretch'd before his rival's corse  
She saw her lover dead.

Then to his Lucy's new made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
Forever now remains.

Oft at the grave the constant hind,  
And plighted maid are seen ;  
With garlands gay, and true love knot,  
They deck the sacred green.

But swain foresworn'd, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.



*THE WATER-MELON.*—BY S. WOODWORTH.

'Twas noon, and the reaper's reposed on the bank  
Where our rural repast had been spread.

Beside us meandered the rill where we drank,  
 And the green willows waved over our head.  
 Lucinda, the queen of our rustical tent,  
 With smiles, like the season auspicious,  
 Had rendered the scene and the banquet more sweet,  
 But oh ! the dessert was delicious.

A melon, the sweetest that loaded the vine,  
 The kind hearted damsel had brought ;  
 Its crimson core teemed with the richest of wine ;  
 " How much like her kisses !" I thought  
 And I said, as its nectarious juices I quaff'd,  
 " How vain are the joys of the vicious !  
 No tropical fruit ever furnish'd a draught,  
 So innocent, pure and delicious.

In the seeds which embellish this red juicy core,  
 An emblem of life we may view ;  
 For human enjoyments are thus sprinkled o'er,  
 With specks of an ebony hue."  
 But if we are wise to discard from the mind,  
 Every thought and affection that's vicious,  
 Like the seed speckled core of the mellow, we'll find,  
 Each innocent pleasure delicious.



### LINES,

On hearing that the plant called the *Myasotes Avenensis*,  
 or *Forget me not*, was growing on the plains of Wat-  
 erloo, after the battle.

THERE is a flower whose op'ning bloom,  
 Beams softly o'er the Hero's grave,  
 Whose trembling leaf, and sweet perfume,  
 Denotes the dwelling of the brave.

No urn is there ; that little flow'r  
 Alone remains their woes to tell,

How oft they bled in battle's hour ;  
 How valor fought and prudence fell !

Sweet child of Spring, thy modest head  
 Was born to grace some happier spot ;  
 And wilt thou bloom among the dead,  
 And only say, "*forget me not ?*"

" I would not leave this plain of rest  
 For brighter skies and milder climes ;  
 Here I repose on honor's breast,  
 Unmov'd by fear, unstain'd by crimes.

At midnight oft the orphan steals,  
 O'er me to pour the sacred tear ;  
 And while its heart a throbbing feels,  
 He knows his parents grave is here.

And shall I leave the hero's tomb,  
 Or mock the orphan's tender woe ?  
 No ! stranger, I was born to bloom  
 Where streams of widow'd sorrow flow "

Guard of the midnight hour, farewell !  
 Still o'er the slumb'ring warrior wave :  
 Be mine the sacred task to tell  
 The charms that smile on glory's grave :



### GLOOM OF AUTUMN.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
 View with me th' autumnal gloom ;  
 Learn from thence your fate to-morrow !  
 Dead perhaps, laid in the tomb !  
 See all nature fading, dying,  
 Silent all things seem to mourn ;  
 Life from vegetation flying,  
 Brings to mind the mouldering urn

Oft autumnal tempests rising,  
Make the lofty forest nod ;  
Scenes of nature how surprising !  
Read in nature, nature's God.  
See the God, the great Creator,  
Lives eternal in the sky,  
While we mortals yield to nature,  
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

Nations die by dread Bellona,\*  
Through enrag'd tyrannic kings,  
Just as plants, in pale *Autumna*,  
Fall, to rise in future springs.  
Mournful scenes, when vegetation  
Dies by frost, or worms devour ;  
Doubly mournful, when a nation,  
Dies by neighbouring nation's power.

Death and war my mind depresses ;  
Autumn shows me my decay ;  
Brings to mind my past distresses,  
Warns me of a dying day.  
Autumn makes me melancholy,  
Strikes dejection through my soul,  
While I mourn my former folly,  
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

Lo ! I hear the air resounding  
With expressing insects cries ;  
Ah ! their moans, to me how wounding,  
Emblems of my wretched sighs !  
How winds about are roaring,  
Noisy waters round me rise,  
While I sit my fate deploring,  
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

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\* Bellona is the Goddess of war.

What to me are Autumn's treasures,  
Since I know no earthly joy ?  
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,  
Time must youth and health destroy.  
Pleasures once I fondly courted,  
Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows ;  
But to see where then I sported,  
Now embitters all my woes.

Age and sorrow since have blasted,  
Every youthful, pleasing dream ;  
Quivering age with youth contrasted,  
Oh how short their glories seem !  
As the annual frosts are cropping  
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,  
So my friends are yearly dropping,  
Through old age and dire disease.

Former friends how oft I've sought 'em,  
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;  
But they're gone like leaves in autumn,  
Driv'n before the dreary wind.  
When a few more years I've wasted,  
When a few more springs are o'er,  
When a few more griefs I've tasted,  
I shall live *to die no more.*

Fast my sun of life's declining,  
I must sleep in death's dark night ;  
But my hope's pure, and refining,  
Rests in future life and light.  
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,  
Christ will burst the silent tomb ;  
Then the saints shall upwards flying,  
Rise into immortal bloom !

*THE STREAM OF TIME.**By the author of "Gloom of Autumn."*

How sweet the stream of time appears,  
 Which glides along this vale of tears,  
 To waft away our woes !  
 Ah ! like yon lovely frozen stream,  
 The current of life's pleasant dream,  
 Congeal'd by sorrow flows.

Delightful river ! where I sing,  
 Thy face shall feel returning Spring,  
 To set thy current free ;  
 But ah ! the frost of wint'ry age,  
 Which binds me with its icy rage,  
 Admits no Spring for me.

On these lov'd banks, I once have seen  
 All nature deck'd with summer's green,  
 'Midst warmth of kindred friends :  
 Though these are constant, some have fled.  
 Like snow, now o'er that river's bed,  
 As cold their kindness ends.

The trees that decorate the land,  
 Which on this river's margin stand,  
 Shall see a vernal bloom ;  
 But wither'd as I am, alas !  
 Must hasten down time's current pass,  
 And sink within the tomb.

Those rocky hills that few can climb,  
 No watery stream, nor stream of time,  
 Can their foundation move ;  
 But time's vast stream may soon convey  
 Each kindred friend to heaven away,  
 Where flows eternal love.

While on Connecticut's fair bank,  
 Through age and grief ! sit a blank,

And view the frozen flood ;  
Though sorrow drowns my early love,  
My faith and hope are fix'd above,  
Where dwells my *Saviour God*.



## THE MINISTER'S CORDIAL.

A HYMN BY ABNER JONES,

I KNOW my labor in the Lord,  
While I am trusting in his word,  
Will never, never be in vain—  
He does my feeble soul sustain.

That word that saith, “ go preach—repent,”  
Is the kind word for which I'm sent—  
Sweet cordial word,—“ lo, I'm with you,”  
Bears up my soul, in trials too.

The word saith, “ feed my lambs and sheep,  
With them rejoice, and with them weep ;  
Water the garden of the Lord,  
And you shall feast upon his word.”

When through deep trials, like St. Paul,  
My pathway leads me there to fall ;  
To God I'll look by constant prayer,  
'Till clouds blow off with a clear air,

Then to the business of the day,  
In all I do to watch and pray ;  
I sorrow, plough, and sow my seed ;  
Leave all to Christ—my cause to plead.

All in due season I shall reap ;  
(Though while I'm sowing here I weep ;)  
Great things, shall say the Lord hath done ;  
Through him the victory is won.

## CORYDON,

AN ELEGY, INSCRIBED TO MARY.

*By Mrs. C. M. Thayer, of Canandaigua, N. Y.*

THE day is departed, and twilight appears,  
 And softens the shades on the plain ;  
 The lab'rer returning, lone Philomel hears,  
 And sweetly re-echoes the strain.

Now Mary, while silence steals over the grove,  
 And shadows embosom the glade,  
 To yon weeping willow we'll pensively rove,  
 For there's our Corydon\* laid.

How often at even his harp has he strung,  
 And warbled his fancies so wild ;  
 And, Mary, how sweet were the songs that he sung,  
 For he was simplicity's child.

O hallow the green turf that pillows his head,  
 And place the wild harp by his side ;  
 The breeze that sweeps o'er it soft music shall spread,  
 And tell how our Corydon died.

Unus'd to deception, unpractis'd in guile,  
 Thro' faith's mighty energy brave,  
 The monarch of terrors he hail'd with a smile,  
 And triumph'd o'er death and the grave.

Enclasp'd in the arms of a Saviour he lov'd,  
 No fears could his bosom annoy ;

\* A young gentleman, who died at Providence, R. I. a friend of the author, but still nearer to her friend Mary. He was a student in the University, and died of a lingering hectic, contracted by a too intense application to study. He wrote a beautiful Pastoral, some time before his death, under the signature of Corydon.

With sweet resignation be gently remov'd,  
To reap the fruition of joy.

See, Mary, the embryo cup of the rose,  
The pearl of mild evening wears ;  
For night o'er the earth her dull canopy throws,  
And nature laments it in tears.

But morn will restore ev'ry charm to our view,  
And a thousand new beauties disclose ;  
And Phœbus shall kiss off the pearls of rich dew,  
From the beautiful cheek of the rose.

But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,  
Where Corydon's relics are laid ;  
No sunshine of nature can pierce the deep gloom,  
Or carols awaken the dead.

Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,  
And virtue in beauty array'd,  
Shall start into life, and eternally bloom,  
Where the roses of hope never fade.

Then Mary, no longer for Corydon mourn,  
Nor dare of thy God to complain ;  
O snatch his wild harp from the mouldering urn,  
And strike its bold numbers again.

Let mild resignation attemper the lay,  
And tune the symphonious lyre ;  
On faith's eagle pinions soar gladly away,  
And join in the heavenly choir.

See, see thro' the gloom that o'er shadows thy head,  
A starry-crown'd Seraph appears,  
In glittering robes of bright glory array'd,  
And beauty immortal she wears.

'Tis religion, she bends o'er young Corydon's urn,  
And whispers in accents of love ;

O Mary, no longer for Corydon mourn,  
He triumphs in glory above.

I taught him to press the dark valley of death,  
With horrors and shades overspread ;  
And when from his lips fled the last ling'ring breath,  
I plac'd a rich crown on his head.

Then Mary, prepare thee to meet him again,  
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease ;  
In virtue's bright path the bless'd haven attain,  
Where all is *composure* and peace.



### ELEGY,

*Occasioned by the death of an Infant daughter, November 15, 1809. By the same.*

*"Bright, earthly, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkl'd, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n."*

### COMPLAINT.

How oft has my harp been in sympathy strung,  
And the plaintive wild strains of sad elegy sung,  
For beauty and innocence flown ;  
Ere feelings maternal were form'd in my heart,  
Or the muse could a sigh from Parnassus impart,  
To elegize griefs of my own.

I have seen the young rose-bud, in Spring's early dawn,  
Ere the dreary cold storms of chill winter are gone,  
A blossom of beauty unfold ;  
But, too feeble the frosts of rude April to brave,  
It has sunk like my child, to a premature grave,  
The victim of tempest and cold.

I have seen the gay tulip, the pride of the vale,  
Tho' it blossom'd at noon, ere evening grow pale,  
And wither and die in a day ;

I have seen the fair vi'lets of beautiful hue,  
But their bloom will not last, and they fade like the  
dew,  
That hangs o'er the eyelids of May.

If beauty, or sweetness, or youth could avail,  
The rose should not wither, the tulip grow pale,  
Nor the vi'lets of summer decay ;  
Nor should the young cherub, so recently given,  
That shone like a bright scientillation from heaven,  
Be hurried thus swiftly away.

O nature, dear nature, how potent thou art !  
The pangs thou excit'st in my agoniz'd heart,  
Philosophy hardly will own ;  
Tho' reason instructs, that the God who had given,  
Hath taken my child to his bosom in heaven,  
Yet feeling laments that 'tis gone.

Tho' it bloom'd like the first little roses of Spring,  
That scarce to the zephyr their fragrance can fling,  
When their bloom and their beauty are o'er :  
Transplanted to gardens of glory above,  
Its fragrance shall live, and its beauty improve,  
When nature and time are no more.

Then, why should I grieve for its early decay ?  
Since 'tis taken from scenes of affliction away,  
To mansions of glory above ?  
Then why should a sigh rend my agoniz'd breast,  
In death it has enter'd a permanent rest,  
On the bosom of omnific Love.

Yet emblem of beauty thus recently fled !  
I'll hallow the green turf that pillows thy head,  
To affection and sympathy dear ;  
And oft as lone Philomel pours her sad lay,  
I'll visit the spot that embosoms thy clay,  
And thy mem'ry embalm with a tear.

## SONG :

*Written by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, in honor  
of his wife.*

OF our Chloes and Phillises, poets may prate,  
I sing of my plain country Joan.  
Now twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,  
Bless'd day that I made her my own !

Not a word of her shape, her face. or her eyes,  
Or of flames or of darts, shall you hear ,  
Though I beauty admire, 'tis virtue I prize,  
For it fades not in seventy years.

With peace and good humor my household she guides,  
Right careful to save what I gain,  
Yet cheerful attends, and smiles on my friends,  
Whom with pleasure I oft entertain.

In health, a companion delightful and dear,  
Still easy, engaging and free,  
In sickness no less than the tenderest nurse,  
She's tender as tender can be.

She defends my good name, e'en when I'm to blame  
Friend firmer to man ne'er was given ;  
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distress'd,  
Which draws down new blessings from heaven .

Some faults we have all—and so may my Joan,  
But then they're exceedingly small ;  
And now I'm us'd to them, they're so like my own,  
I can scarcely discern them at all.

Was the fairest young princess, with millions in purse,  
To be had in exchange for my Joan,  
She could not be a better, she might be a worse,  
So I'd e'en be content with my Joan.

## LUCINDA, ADIEU.

*Composed by Rev. Hosea Ballou on the death of Mrs.  
Lucinda ———. TUNE—Exile of Erin.*

How hard is my fortune, my heart aches with sorrow !  
My soul in its anguish shall weep for a friend,  
Who has fallen a prey to death's cruel arrow,  
All skill was exhausted but none could defend.  
But alas ! she's gone, and the grave has conceal'd her,  
How hard was my fortune when forc'd for to yield her,  
In the bosom of love, so strongly I held her,  
But lo ! she has left me—Lucinda adieu !

As fair as Diana, the goddess of beauty,  
She blush'd like the rose in morning of life ;  
I saw her with wonder, my soul was delighted,  
She gave me her hand, and I made her my wife :  
And softer than silk was the hand of her union,  
Our hearts join'd in one by the graces of Hymen,  
I was charm'd with her eyes, as flames of a diamond,  
But lo ! she has left me—Lucinda, adieu !

From the days of her youth, my friends you have known  
her,  
And much you delighted her company dear ;  
But now you are called with me to bemoan her,  
A tribute to pay with a grief falling tear :  
Three sweet little babes she has left to condole me,  
And you my dear friends, she has left to console me,  
And since my sad fate here my fortune has told me,  
That I am bereaved—Lucinda, adieu !

No more will she meet us in circles of pleasure,  
Or innocent mirth the glad evening beguile ;  
No more will she treat us in hounteous measure,  
Or light up our joys with an affable smile :  
My house is a hamlet, a desolate mansion,  
I mourn as I walk in each room in extension,  
I look on my babes with racking invention,  
And murmur in silence—Lucinda, adieu !

How keen was my anguish, my heart thrill'd with  
sorrow,

When the eyes of my angel closed in death ;  
Sure no one can tell how I felt when I saw her  
Resign up to nature her last dying breath.  
Oh where shall I rest for with grief I am drowned,  
My hopes and my joys by her death are confounded,  
With sorrow and with grief, my heart is surrounded,  
Oh I am bereaved—Lucinda, adieu !

Like Aurora in beauty, her mind was compos'd,  
Her faith in her Saviour was steadfast and sure,  
While her hope in her God, she in safety depos'd,  
And welcom'd grim death all its pains to endure :  
The wings of her faith she stretch'd without measure,  
In heaven she laid up her goddess a treasure,  
She bade me farewell in a transport of pleasure,  
And left me bereaved—Lucinda, adieu !

---

### ELEGY,

*Written on the death of Mrs. Chapman, who died in  
Newbury, Vt. Nov. 20, 1820.—By Mrs. Wilson.*

The first verse is inscribed on the Grave-stone, erected  
by her friends, to her memory.

THIS aged saint has won her way  
By faith, and gain'd the blest abode ;  
Her happy soul has left this clay,  
To dwell forever with the Lord.

Our sister dear is call'd away,  
Her body lies beneath the ground ;  
Oh help us mighty God we pray,  
With joy to meet the solemn sound.

The solemn sound of death will come,  
And we must leave our all below ;

And when to dust we do return,  
We hope to leave all pain and wo.

Thy aged servant, Lord regard—  
Bereav'd of his dear bosom friend ;  
We know his trials must be hard ;  
O Saviour to him comfort send.

Oh ! soothe his sorrows mighty God !  
May he in meek submission stand ;  
And mildly kiss the chast'ning rod,  
That comes from thine almighty hand.

O children dear, why should you mourn ;  
If you have lost, it is her gain :  
Your tender mother now is gone,  
And back to you can't come again.

Her eyes are closed, her body cold,  
Her pleasing voice is lost in death ;  
And may you say with one of old,  
" The Lord can take and give our breath."

Dry up your tears, ye mourning souls,  
And say the will of God be done—  
One look from him will make you whole,  
By faith in Jesus Christ his Son.



## ODE, ON THE DEATH OF DR. FRANKLIN.

AIR.—" *Return Enraptur'd Hours.*"

THE fairest flow'rets bring  
In all their vernal bloom,  
And let the sweets of Spring  
Adorn great *Franklin's* tomb.  
The patriot's toil is done,  
At length his labors cease ;

The unfading crown is won,  
His sun descends in peace.

The sons of science grieve,  
Each patriot heaves a sigh,  
Yet scarcely can believe  
Such worth could ever die.  
No ! deathless is that name,  
Whose glory must increase,  
And *Franklin's* splendid fame,  
With time alone can cease.

While nimble lightnings fly,  
While awful thunders roll,  
While meteors gild the sky,  
And dart from pole to pole,  
Mankind will still admire,  
When *Franklin's* name they hear,  
Who snatch'd celestial fire,  
And broke th' oppressor's spear.

Through ev'ry future age,  
While't hist'ry holds her pen,  
She'll rank our honour'd sage  
Among the first of men ;  
And when she counts her sons,  
Who've earn'd immortal fame,  
Shall next to *Washington's*,  
Record great *Franklin's* name .



### THE MOURNING ORPHAN.

The following stanzas were written by a young man of Corinth, Vt. on the death of his only parent, his mother ; his father died some years before. She, at the time of her death, was the wife of Mr. Eliphalet Tenny. Comp.

Ah! who can tell my woe and grief,  
 Or in the scale my sorrows weigh?  
 I sigh, but still find no relief—  
 A child of grief and misery.  
 O! come, my friends, and mourn with me,  
 With tears bedew the silent urn;  
 Come drop the tear of sympathy,  
 For I,—*a wretched orphan mourn.*

A father dear, I once possess'd;  
 A mother with affection kind;  
 They me in childhood, oft caress'd,  
 And sooth'd the anguish of my mind:  
 They're gone, and like a dream they're fled,  
 And to the lonely grave are borne;  
 Their souls to heavenly bliss have sped,  
 And I, *an orphan left to mourn.*

My father died when I was young,  
 Methinks I hear his dying groan;  
 With grief my mother's heart was wrung,  
 But bore the dreadful shock alone!  
 Oft I've beheld the starting tear,  
 While she was musing all alone;  
 But sorrow more, she shall not fear,  
 She's gone: *and I, an orphan mourn!*

She bade me in my mind to bear  
 The council of my father\* kind;  
 She warn'd me too, for death prepare,  
 That I a happy rest might find:  
 With tears she oft did me address,  
 "My child, you must again be born,  
 Else you will find no happiness,  
 While for your father here you mourn!"

---

\* Mr. Tenny his stepfather.

Now in the silent grave they sleep ;  
 Troubles and toils with them are o'er ;  
 They've met in bliss, they ne'er will weep,  
 They've join'd the hand to part no more :  
 They may be hovering o'er my head,  
 To guard me from some unseen storm ;  
 And while I sleep, may watch my bed,  
 While a sad orphan here I mourn !

Oh ! may the counsel, which they gave,  
 Be follow'd—I my time improve ;  
 Then, when my body's in the grave,  
 My soul shall be with those I love :  
 When I'm a lifeless lump of clay,  
 And to the silent grave am borne,  
 Then cheer your hearts my friends I pray,  
 Think I an orphan cease to mourn !



### LINES,

*In memory of the late Major George P. Peters, who died  
 at Fort Gadsden, (E. F.) Nov. 28th 1819, aged 30.  
 By Mrs. Lavina Stoddard of Alabama.*

O ! LONELY and wild is that region afar,  
 And silent the dark forests wave,  
 Where the moon's mournful light and the evening star,  
 Shine cold on the tomb of the brave.

Yet think not no tribute to memory dear,  
 The sod that enwraps him hath bless'd,  
 The Hero's deep sigh and the soldiers' warm tear,  
 Have hallow'd the place of his rest.

And there shall the sigh of affliction be sent,  
 From the good, and the fair, and the brave ;  
 And glory and grief, in sad harmony blent,  
 Twine wreaths for the warriors grave.

And the banner he honor'd, the Eagle and Stars,  
 Shall still guard his mouldering frame ;  
 And fame, as she blazons Columbia's wars,  
 Shall swell the bold blast with his name.

O ! weep not that glory's bright wreath should decay,  
 Nor honor's rest scutcheon bewail,  
 That hope's lovely blossom should wither away,  
 And fortune's gay promise should fail.

For all that the blasts of destruction can blight,  
 And all that can fade in the tomb,  
 Shall spring from the grave of the hero, all bright,  
 In " beauty immortal " to bloom.



## SONG.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of the late Dr. Drake, whose untimely end renders the succeeding extracts from Jeremy Taylor not unappropriate attendants of the relics of that genius whose loss we have so much reason to deplore.

OH ! the tears in my eye, and my heart it is breaking ;  
 Thou hast fled from me, Connel, and left me forsaken !  
 Bright and warm was our morning, but soon has it  
 faded,

For I gave thee a true heart, and thou hast betrayed it !

Thy footsteps I followed in darkness and danger,  
 From the home of my love to the land of the stranger,  
 Thou wert mine through the tempest, the blight, and  
 the burning—

Could I think thou would change when the morn was  
 returning !

Yet peace to thy heart, though from mine it must  
 sever—

May she love thee as I lov'd—alone and forever—  
 I may weep for thy loss, but my faith is unshaken ;  
 And the heart thou hast widow'd will bless thee in  
 breaking.

---

The following is an address from Mrs. Morton of Boston to Mr. Stewart. It is an exquisite enlogium upon painting as well as a just tribute to the painter.

STEWART, thy portrait speaks ! With skill divine  
 Round the light graces flow the *waving line* ;  
 Expression in its finest utterance lives,  
 And a new language to creation gives.  
 Each varying trait the gifted artist shows—  
 Wisdom majestic in his bending brows ;  
 The warriors open front, his eye of fire—  
 As where the charms of bashful youth retire ;  
 Or patient, plodding, and with wealth content,  
 The man of commerce counts his cent per cent ;  
 'Tis *character* that breathes, 'tis soul that twines  
 Round the rich canvass traced in living lines,  
 Speaks in the face, or in the form displayed,  
 Warms in the tint, and mellows in the shade,  
 These touching graces, and that front sublime,  
 Thy art shall rescue from the spoil of time.  
 Thence the fair victim scorns the threat'ning rage  
 And trembling step of slow advancing age,  
 Still on her cheeks the rose of beauty blows,  
 Her lips deep tint its breathing crimson shows ;  
 Like the magicians wand, thy pencil gives  
 Its potent touch, and every feature lives.

---

### MARY LE MORE.

The following is an epitome of Bristed's Mary le More,  
 to the tune of Eveleen's Bower, which on account

of a peculiar trait in its character, I am too modest a man to mention has been discarded from genteel society :

YE soldiers of Britain !  
 The children of Erin,  
 Your merciless doings, long, long will deplore—  
 For black is the the spot,  
 Where once stood the cot,  
 That was blessed by the smiles of sweet Mary le  
 More.

By her father she stood,  
 Who lay stretched in his blood,  
 And looked up to heaven his life to implore ;  
 But his life-stream was flowing,  
 Poor Dermot was going,  
 He groaned—and left fatherless Mary le More.

Now a maniac she's seen  
 On her once favourite green,  
 Culling flowers to wreath round the tomb of her sire :  
 Then she sings a wild strain,  
 How poor Dermot was slain,  
 And left on the surf-beaten shore to expire.

Oh soldiers of Britain !  
 The children of Erin,  
 Your merciless doings, long, long will deplore—  
 For Dermot the brave,  
 Now sleeps in his grave,  
 And the blue waves of Erin hide Mary le More.

---

TO DAY.

THE joys of Hope let others boast  
 And in reversion rest ;

*Anticipation* cheers them most—

I prize the bliss possest.

What scenes *to-morrow* may be brought,

How busy and how gay,

Will ne'er excite one anxious thought

If pleasant be *to-day*.

The Merchant trades to foreign lands,

And braves the billowy main,

And buys and sells and schemes and plans,

In hopes of future gain.

But whelming waves or wasting fire

May take his wealth away ;

*Uncertain* good I ne'er desire,

Let me be rich *to-day*.

The *Student* emulous of Fame

Looks to the distant prize,

But mine e'en now an honor'd name

Acknowledged by the wise,

The *Lover* too dreams of delight

His fondness to repay ;

But ne'er let me the attachment slight

Which crowns my love *to-day*.

And those who time so fruitless spend

In wishes to reform—

*To-morrow* to be good intend,

But think not to perform ;

A better purpose shall be mine,

For danger waits delay,

But heaven will *to-morrow* shine

If virtuous prove *to-day*.



### STANZAS, ON AN IRISHMAN.

The subject of the following stanzas, was a young man from Ireland, who arrived at Baltimore during the

prevalence of the Malignant Fever there. He left the city on foot, a few days after his arrival, and being seized with the fatal malady, and deserted by his companions, died alone by the road side.

From the green hills of Erin a wanderer parted,  
From the grasp of oppression the Fugitive flew,  
His heart throbb'd with anguish ; the thrilling tear  
started,  
And he bade his lov'd home and his country adieu.

For the sons of fair Erin are children of feeling—  
He with hardihood brav'd the keen blasts of the sky,  
While unfelt on his cheek the cold rain was congealing,  
His heart yet glow'd with affections warm sigh.

Oh ! how did he feel when he parted forever  
From the cot of his father, the wood and the glen,  
And how did he feel when he sighing said “ never  
This valley shall ring with my wild harp again.”

Oh ! how did he feel when his sister clung to him,  
Entreating with tears her dear Patrick to stay,  
His feelings were keen—but they could not subdue him,  
And he hied to the land of fair freedom away.

He saw the blue hills with mingled emotion,  
Of joy and regret, seem to sink in the sea,  
As swiftly he sailed o'er the far spreading ocean,  
And exultingly said in his heart, “ I'm free.”

But scarce had he quitted the high swelling billow,  
When the monster *Disease* mark'd him out for his prey ;  
And a cold sod of earth was the wanderer's pillow,  
Unattended he died—not a hand closed his eye.

They made him a grave by the woodland sequester'd,  
Where no tears of affection -hall soften the sod,  
But there may his ashes repose unmolested,  
And his soul dwell in joy, and in peace with his God.

## STANZAS BY A LADY.

The following stanzas were written by a lady a few days before her death. With the inspiration of fancy and feeling, they unite the eloquence of truth, and breathe a magnanimity of soul worthy of a better fortune,—*N. Y. Statesman*.

I SAID to Sorrow's pelting storm  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on !—thou may'st destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest :  
But still the spirit that now brooks  
Thy tempest raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks  
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train  
Advance !—your threats I brave :  
My last poor life drop ye may drain,  
And crush me to the grave :  
Yet still the spirit that endures  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile.

I said to proud Neglect and Scorn,  
Pass on !—I heed you not ;  
Though thus unfriended and forlorn,  
By you I am forgot :  
My spirit which untam'd and free,  
No scoffs of yours annoy,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its high born joy.

I said to Friendship's menac'd blow,  
Strike deep !—my heart shall bear ;  
Thou canst but add one bitter woe  
To those already there :  
Yet still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress,

Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure !—Oh why delay ;  
'Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,  
A weak, reluctant prey ;  
For still this spirit, firm and free,  
Triumphant o'er dismay,  
Bright in its own eternity,  
Shall pass away.



### WHISKEY.

WHAT's that which drains the poor man's purse,  
Makes his concerns grow wese and worse,  
And is to all a direful curse ?

'Tis Whiskey.

What's that which makes the rich man fear,  
That poverty and want are near,  
And mis'ry ling'ring in their rear ?

'Tis Whiskey.

What's that which murders health and ease,  
And brings by slow but sure degrees  
Pale melancholy and disease ?

'Tis Whiskey.

What's that which like a Siroc wind,  
Or like some diabolic fiend,  
Withers the powers of the mind ?

'Tis Whiskey.

What's that which for a moments' gladness,  
Turns sense and reason into madness,  
And leaves the mind a prey to sadness ?

'Tis Whiskey.

What's that which nerves the murd'rer's hand,  
 Or guides the incendiary's brand  
 To deeds of horror through the land?  
'Tis Whiskey.

What's that whose baleful influence throws  
 Among mankind a thousand woes  
 And makes of friends and kindred foes?  
'Tis Whiskey.

What's that of all the evils worst  
 Which from Pandora's basket burst,  
 Or e'er a race of beings curst?  
'Tis Whiskey.

Oh ! poverty, disgrace and woe,  
 And all the ills which from you flow,  
 Your parentage full well I know  
Is Whiskey.



### FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

Adieu, my native land, adieu !  
 The vessel spreads her swelling sails,  
 Perhaps I never more may view  
 Your fertile fields, your flowery dales.

Delusive hope can charm no more ;  
 Far from my native land I roam,  
 Unfriended, seek some distant shore,  
 And leave my lov'd, my peaceful home.

Farewell, dear village, oh, farewell ;  
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,  
 I hear thy solemn evening bell,  
 Thy spires yet greet my aching eyes.

Though frequent falls the trickling tear,  
 I scorn to shrink from fates decree,

Nor winds, nor waves, nor fate I fear,  
I only breathe a sigh for *thee*.

In vain through seas of sparkling foam,  
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore ;  
To unknown " seas and climes " I roam,  
To view thy beauteous scenes no more.

And yet perhaps some future day,  
May place me on thy happy strand,  
When tir'd with fortune's devious way,  
I seek again my native land.



### THE SOLITAIRE.

SADNESS sat on his brow—and dark despair  
In gloomy silence ever hover'd there ;—  
Pale was his cheek—downcast his piercing eye—  
Like one who broods o'er future destiny.

The greedy worm of care, within his breast,  
Préy'd on his vitals and disturb'd his rest—  
A wild'ring loneliness was o'er him—deep  
As darkness of the tomb where millions sleep.

Yet 'twas not always thus !—I knew him when  
His heart was light, and care unknown—and then  
Ah ! little thought I such a change would be—  
Pleasure and mirth for wo and misery.

In younger days he lov'd—but, sad to tell,  
Disease consumed the one he lov'd so well—  
The rosy cheek of health, and angel form,  
Became a banquet for the greedy worm.

He saw her fade—and when triumphant death  
Had stopp'd her pulse, and snatch'd her fleeting  
breath,

Far from the haunts of infancy and strife,  
He led a lonely, solitary life !

But soon he'll slumber in the clay-cold grave—  
And soon the cypress o'er his tomb shall wave—  
Yet none will weep for him ! but night's damp dews  
Shall o'er his grave their melting tears diffuse.



### *THINGS I DO NOT KNOW AND HAVE NOT KNOWN.*

A MARRIED man I do not know,  
Who's free from noise or strife ;  
A single man I do not know,  
Who would not have a wife.

A woman I have never known,  
Who would not married be ;  
A woman I have never known,  
Who married, and was free.

I never knew an aged man,  
Who truly wished to die ;  
I never knew a youthful man.  
Who never breathed a sigh.

I never knew an idle man,  
Whom Satan could not hire ;  
I never knew a trading man,  
Who never prov'd a liar.

I never knew a witty man,  
Who wealthy ever was ;  
I never knew a simple man  
But meddled with the laws.

I never knew a singing man,  
Who did not relish wine ;

I never knew a rhyming man,  
Who ne'er went out to dine.

A homely maid I never knew,  
Who so herself believed ;  
A handsome maid I never knew,  
Who could not be deceived.



### THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

"Who'll buy a heart?" sweet Harriet cries—  
Harriet the blooming and the fair—  
Whose lovely form and dove-like eyes,  
Can banish grief and soothe despair—

"Come bid ; my heart is up for sale ;  
Will no one bid ? pray sir consider,  
'Tis sound and kind, and fond, and hale,  
And a great bargain to the bidder."

"I'll bid," says Gripus—"I will pay  
A thousand eagles promptly told ;"  
"That is no bid sir, let me say—  
*A faithful heart's not bought with gold.*"

"I'll bid with marriage faith, and plight  
A heart," says Frank, "with love o'erflowing,"  
"Aye ! *that's a bid that's something like—*  
And now my heart is—going—going."



### CONTENTMENT.

WHY should we our lot repine,  
Or grieve at our distress ?  
Some think if they should riches gain,  
They'd gain true happiness.

Alas ! how vain is all their gain,  
 Since life must soon decay ;  
 And since we're here, like friends so dear,  
 Let's drive dull care away.

Why should the rich despise the poor ?  
 Why should the poor repine ?  
 A little time will make us all,  
 In equal friendship join ;  
 We're much to blame, we're all the same,  
 Alike we're made of clay ;  
*Chorus.*—And since we're here, &c.

The only circumstance in life,  
 That ever I could find ;  
 To soften care, and tire mirth,  
 Is sweet content of mind ;  
 With such a store, we have much more,  
 Than e'er we can convey ;  
*Chorus.*—And since we're here, &c.

Let's make the most we can of life,  
 Nor tender it a curse !  
 But take it as you would a wife,  
 For better or for worse ;  
 Life at the best, is but a jest,  
 A dreary winter's day ;  
*Chorus.*—And since we're here, &c.

When age, old creeping age come on,  
 And we are young no more ;  
 Let's not repine at what we've done,  
 Nor grieve that youth is o'er ;  
 But cheerfully, as formerly,  
 Be innocently gay ;  
*Chorus.*—And since we're here, &c.

*THE HUMBLE WISH.*—BY T. MOORE.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd  
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
 And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,  
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around  
 In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;  
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
 But the black-bird pecking the hollow beech tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,  
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
 Who would blush when I prais'd her and weep when I  
 blam'd,  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!"

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
 Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

*LEANDER AND HEROINE.*

LEANDER on the bay  
 Of Hellespont all doubtful stood,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 He leap'd into the fatal flood.  
 The raging seas, which none can please,  
 'Gainst him their malice shew;  
 The heavens lowr'd, the rain down pour'd,  
 And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,  
 Thus of his fate he did complain,  
 "Ye cruel rocks and skies,  
 Ye stormy winds and raging main,

What 'tis to miss, a lover's bliss,  
Alas you do not know,  
Make me your wrack, as I come back,  
But spare me as I go.

Lo yonder stands the tow'r,  
Where my belov'd Heroine lies,  
And this, th' appointed hour ;  
She sits to watch with longing eyes."  
To his fond suit, the gods were mute,  
The billows answer'd no,  
Up to the skies, the surges rise,  
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the sighing maid,  
Divided betwixt fear and love,  
Now does his stay upbraid,  
Now dreads he should the passage prove,  
"But fate," said she, "not heav'n nor thee  
Shall ere our vows divide ;  
I'd leap this wall, could I but fall,  
By my Leander's side."

Although the raging sun  
Did to her sight reveal too late,  
That Hero was undone ;  
Not by Leander's fault, but fate,  
(Said she) "I'll shew, though we are two,  
Our vows were ever one,  
This proof I'll give, I will not live,  
Nor shall he die alone."

Then from the wall she leap'd  
Into the raging seas to him,  
Counting each wave she met  
To teach her wearied arm to swim.  
The sea-gods wept, nor longer kept,  
Her from her lover's side ;  
Then join'd at last, she grasp'd him fast,  
And sigh'd embrac'd and died.

*RELIGION.—By C. W. MARTIN.*

RELIGION is a theme  
Which doth thousands employ ;  
While millions count it but a dream,  
And happiness a toy.

True happiness is found  
In Christ, God's only Son ;  
To saints he speaks the joyful sound,  
And saves the meanest one.

The saints are his delight,  
He hath them in his care ;  
He puts the sons of hell to flight,  
And breaks the fowler's snare.

If his dear children sin,  
By straying from the fold,  
When they return, he takes them in,  
With joys which are untold.

If in destruction's road  
They wilfully remain,  
Their guilt will prove an awful load,  
To sink them down to pain.

Therefore, ye christians, pray,  
And likewise learn to watch ;  
If you would practice what you say,  
You must not say too much.

Hence, let your words be few,  
With grace season'd with salt ;  
Be inoffensive, pure, and true,  
And ne'er be in the fault.

*CORYDON AND CAROLINE.*

What sorrowful sound do I hear,  
 Move slowly along in the gale?  
 How solemnly follow mine ear,  
 As softly they pass through the vale.  
 Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er;  
 Now silent he sleeps in the clay;  
 His cheeks bloom with roses no more,  
 Since death call'd his spirit away.

Sweet woodbines shall rise round his tomb,  
 And willows there sorrowing wave,  
 Young hyacinths fresh in their bloom;  
 While hawthorns encircle his grave:  
 Each morn, when the sun gilds the east,  
 The green grass bespangled with dew,  
 Shall cast its bright beams to the west,  
 To charm the sad Caroline's view.

Oh! Corydon hear the sad cries  
 Of Caroline, plaintive and slow;  
 Oh, Spirit! look down from the skies  
 And pity the mourner below.  
 'Tis Corydon's voice in the breeze  
 Which Philomel hears on the plain,  
 Still striving, the mourner to please,  
 With sympathy join in the strain.

And when the still night has unfurl'd  
 Her robes over the hamlet around,  
 Grey twilight retires from the world,  
 And darkness encumbers the ground;  
 I'll leave my long gloomy abode;  
 To Corydon's urn I will fly,  
 There kneeling will bless the just God,  
 Who rules in bright mansions on high.

Ye shepherds so blithesome and young,  
 Retire from your sports on the green,

Since Corydon's deaf to my song,  
 The wolf staves the lamb on the plain ;  
 The swain round the forest shall stray,  
 And sorrowing hang down his head,  
 His pipes then in sympathy play  
 Some dirge to young Corydon's shade.

Since Corydon hears me no more,  
 In gloom let the woodbines appear ;  
 Ye ocean's be still of your roar,  
 Let autumn extend round the year.  
 I'll hie me through meadows and lawns,  
 There cull the sweet flowers of May,  
 Then rise on the wings of the morn,  
 And wait my young spirit away !

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VERSES,

*Addressed to Lady M. W. Montague.*—BY ALEX. POPE.

In beauty or wit,  
 No mortal as yet  
 To question your empire has dar'd ;  
 But men of discerning,  
 Have thought that in learning,  
 To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,  
 With musty dull rules,  
 Have reading to females deny'd ;  
 So Papists refuse  
 The Bible to use,  
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first  
 (Indeed she was curst)  
 In knowledge that tasted delight ;  
 And sages agree,

The laws should decree,  
To the first possessor the right.

Then bravely fair dame,  
Renew the old claim,  
Which to your whole sex does belong,  
And let men receive  
From a second bright Eve,  
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve  
Hard doom did receive,  
When only an apple had she ;  
What punishment new  
Shall be found out for you,  
Who tasting have robb'd the whole tree ?

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From the "Romance of the Forest."

*SONNET: TO THE LILLY.*

*Sung by Adeline, previous to the Marquis de Montalt's  
becoming attached to her.*

SOFT silken flower ! that in the dewy vale  
Unfolds thy modest beauties to the morn,  
And breath'st thy fragrance on her wand'ring gale,  
O'er earth's green hills and shadowy vallies bourn.

When day has clos'd his dazzled eye,  
And dying gales sink soft away ;  
Where eve steals down the western sky,  
And mountains, woods and vales decay.

Thy tender cups, that graceful swell,  
Droops sad beneath her chilly dews ;  
Thy odours seek thy silken cell,  
Veils thy languid hues.

But soon, poor flow'r the morn shall rise,  
 And rear again thy pensive head ;  
 Again unveil thy snowy dyes,  
 Again thy velvet foliage spread,

Sweet child of Spring ! like thee, in sorrow's shade,  
 Full oft I mourn in tears and droop forlorn ;  
 And oh ! like thine may light my gloom pervade,  
 And sorrows fly before joys' living morn !



From the same.

*AIR : Sung by Clara, after their several marriages.*

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,  
 When faintly gleams each dewy steep ;  
 And vale and mountain, lake and bow'r,  
 In solitary grandeur sleep.

When slowly sinks the evening breeze,  
 That lulls the mind in pensive care,  
 And fancy loftier visions sees,  
 Bid musick wake the silent air.

Bid the merry merry tabor sound,  
 And with the fays of lawn or glade,  
 In tripping circle beat the ground  
 Under the high tree's trembling shade.

" Now at moonlight's fairy hour,"  
 Shall music breathe her dulcet voice,  
 And o'er the waves, with magick pow'r,  
 Call on the echo to rejoice.



From the " Retreat."

*SONG : THE VIOLET.—Sung by Dr. Balfour.*

" Ah !" Julia exclaimed, " what a beautiful flow'r !"  
 As a violet she cull'd from its modest retreat ;

“ Say, Henry, what artist possesses the pow’r,  
Such colours to blend in a union so sweet ?”

Dear girl ! this sweet concord, by wisdom’s great plan,  
Our feelings unite, as in nature we see ;  
And happy, my Julia, most happy the man,  
Who grateful receives that sweet flow’ret from thee !

For emblem of happiness see in that blue ;  
See affection’s warm tint in that red sweetly glows :  
Ah, in us shall those feelings be blended as true,  
As the red and the blue in the violet that blows !



From the “ Pirate,” by the author of Waverly.

### SERENADE.

Love wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps !  
O for music’s softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme,  
For Beauty’s dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

“ Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm.  
Fire flies on the air are wheeling ;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

“ O wake and live,  
No dream can give  
A shadowed bliss, the real excelling ;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that Love is telling.”

## MEMORY.

On memory, when thy glance is cast  
Upon the track of buried years,  
Bewailing joys that long have passed,  
And left this world—a world of tears ;  
Why dost thou vainly linger still  
O'er life's decayed and blighted flowers,  
When the lone heart has lost the thrill  
That was so sweet in earlier hours ?

There is a vast and wide domain—  
The lost—the dead, confess thy sway,  
And pass before the mind again,  
In hues which death hath stole away—  
Again the smile is beaming bright  
As first it beamed when life was young—  
Again their voices breathe delight,  
As in departed hours they sung !

Again we gaze upon the face  
Whose death has brooded in his cloud—  
Again, again our arms embrace  
Those forms which moulder in the shroud !  
Away—'tis all ideal bliss,  
A feverish phantom of the mind—  
The fond embrace—the smile—the kiss,  
Pass onward as the idle wind.

But yet 'tis anguish to awake,  
And feel that thou art *but* a dream ;  
Anguish like his who ne'er could slake  
His thirst within the mocking stream.  
Yes—yes, it wrings the widowed breast,  
With throes of keenest agony.  
To paint the joys it once possessed,  
Which died like meteors on the sea ;

Which died—while in their glorious prime,  
 And in the freshness of their spring—  
 When o'er the wintry brow of time  
 The bird of promise droops her wing ;  
 Oh where is that Lethean wave  
 Which drowned each sorrow—each despair ?  
 Behold the calm—the peaceful grave—  
 Its secret springs are flowing there !



### *LOVERS, WHEN !*

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows ?  
 When should ladies hear them ?  
 When the dew is on the boughs,  
 When none else are near them :  
 When the moon shines cold and pale,  
 When the birds are sleeping,  
 When no voice is on the gale,  
 When the rose is weeping ;  
 When the stars are bright on high,  
 Like hope in young Love's dreaming,  
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,  
 Like soft tears to shade their beaming .  
 The fairest smiles are those that live  
 On the brow by starlight wreathing ;  
 And their lips the richest incense give  
 When the sighs are at midnight breathing,  
 Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray  
 When seen by moonlight's hours :  
 Other roses seek the day,  
 But blushes are night flowers.  
 Oh, when the moon are stars are bright,  
 When the dew-drops glisten.  
 Then their vows should lovers plight,  
 Then should ladies listen.

*NEW ENGLAND.*

BY DR. J. C. PERCIVAL.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,  
 Our fondest boast;  
 The sepulchre of mighty dead,  
 The truest hearts that ever bled,  
 Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,  
 A fearless host;  
 No slave is here—our unchain'd feet  
 Walk freely as the waves that beat  
 Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave  
 To seek this shore:  
 They left behind the coward slave  
 To welter in his living grave:  
 With hearts unbent, high, steady, brave,  
 They sternly bore  
 Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd;  
 But souls like these, such toils impell'd  
 To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood  
 On Bunker's height;  
 And fearless stemm'd the invading flood,  
 And wrote our dearest rights in blood,  
 And mow'd in ranks the kireling brood,  
 In desperate fight:  
 O! 'twas a proud exulting day,  
 For ev'n our fallen fortunes lay  
 In light.

There is no other land like thee,  
 No dearer shore;  
 Thou art the shelter of the free;  
 The home, the port of liberty  
 Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,  
 Till time is o'er.

Ere I forget to think upon  
My land, shall mother curse the son  
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,  
On which we rest ;  
And rising from thy hardy stock,  
'Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,  
And slavery's galling chains unlock,  
And free the oppress'd :  
All who the wreath of freedom twine,  
Beneath the shadow of their vine,  
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,  
And here we stand—  
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,  
And on our heads their fury pour,  
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,  
And storm our land :  
They still shall find our lives are giv'n  
To die for home ; and leant on heaven  
Our hand.

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### *MY HEART WAS A MIRROR.*

BY J. C. PERCIVAL.

My heart was a mirror, that show'd every treasure  
Of beauty and loveliness that life can display ;  
It reflected each beautiful blossom of pleasure,  
But turn'd from the dark looks of bigots away ;  
It was living and moving with loveliest creatures :  
In smiles or in tears as the soft spirit chose ;  
Now shining with brightest and ruddiest features,  
Now pale as the snow of the dwarf mountain rose.  
These visions of sweetness forever were playing.  
Like butterflies fanning the still summer air ;

Some sporting a moment, some never decaying  
 In deep lines of love are still lingering there :  
 At times some fair spirit descending from heaven,  
 Would shroud all the rest in the blaze of its light :  
 Then wood nymphs and lays o'er the mirror were  
 driven,  
 Like the fire swarms that kindle the darkness of  
 night.  
 But the winds and the storms broke the mirror and  
 sever'd  
 Full many a beautiful angel in twain ;  
 And the tempest rag'd on, till the fragments were  
 shiver'd  
 And scatter'd, like dust as it rolls o'er the plain.  
 One piece, which the storm in its madness neglected,  
 Away on the wings of the whirlwind to bear,  
 One fragment was left, and that fragment reflected,  
 All the beauty that MARY threw carelessly there.



LOVE.—BY THE SAME.

Thy charms are all decaying, Love,  
 The smile that once was playing, Love,  
 So pure and bright  
 It seem'd but light  
 From day's clear fountain straying, Love.

That smile away is stealing, Love,  
 Thy lip no more revenging, Love,  
 The sweets of soul  
 That Cupid stole  
 To fill his cup of feeling, Love.

That lip will shed its sweetness, Love,  
 Thy form will lose its fleetness, Love,  
 Array'd no more  
 As when it wore  
 The snowy veil of neatness, Love.

Oh! time is stealing by us, Love,  
 And age is drawing nigh us, love,  
     So let me sip  
     Thy dewy lip  
 Before the young hours fly us, Love.

The rose of health is blowing, Love,  
 The tide of health is flowing, Love,  
     Then let me be  
     Entwin'd with thee  
 As elms and vines are growing, Love.

A chain of flowers has twin'd us, Love,  
 And blest the hours shall find us, Love,  
     Then heart from heart  
     No more shall part  
 Till age and death unbind us, Love.



*THE PIRATE LOVER*—BY THE SAME.

Thou hast gone from thy lover,  
     'Thou lord of the sea!  
 The illusion is over,  
     That bound me to thee;  
 I cannot regret thee,  
     Though dearest thou wert,  
 Nor can I forget thee,  
     Thou lord of my heart!

I lov'd thee too deeply,  
     To hate thee and live;  
 I am blind to the brightest  
     My country can give;  
 But I cannot behold thee  
     In plunder and gore,  
 And thy Mina can sield thee  
     In fondness no more.

Far over the billow  
Thy black vessel rides,  
The wave is thy pillow,  
Thy pathway the tides ;  
Thy cannon are pointed,  
The red flag on high,  
Thy crew are undaunted,  
But yet thou must die.  
I thought thou wert brave,  
As the sea-kings of old ;  
But thy heart is a slave,  
And a vassal to gold :  
My faith can be plighted  
To none but the free ;  
Thy low heart has blighted  
My fond hopes in thee.  
I will not upbraid thee ;  
I leave thee to bear  
The shame, thou hast made thee ;  
Its danger and care :  
As thy banner is streaming,  
Far over the sea,  
O ! my fond heart is dreaming,  
And breaking for thee.  
My heart thou hast broken,  
Thou lord of the wave !  
Thou hast left me a token  
To rest in my grave :  
Though false, mean and cruel,  
Thou still must be dear,  
And thy name, like a jewel,  
Be treasur'd up here.

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*THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.*

BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Why should our joys transform to pain ?  
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain

A plague of iron prove ?  
BENDISH, 'tis strange the chain that binds  
Millions of hands should leave their minds  
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause  
Rang'd the wide field of Nature's laws,  
And urg'd the schools in vain ;  
Then deep in thought, within my breast  
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd  
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,  
On fancy's airy horse I ride,  
(Sweet rapture of the mind !)  
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,  
In a tall ancient grove I stood  
For sacred use design'd

Hard by, a venerable priest,  
Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from rest,  
Awoke his morning song ;  
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream ;  
The birth of souls was all his theme,  
And half divine his tongue.

'He sang th'eternal rolling flame,  
'The vital mass, that still the same  
'Does all our minds compose !  
'But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames ;  
'Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,  
'And jarring tempers rose.

'The mighty pow'r that form'd the mind  
'One mould for every two design'd,  
'And bless the new-born pair ;  
'*This be a match for this ;* (he said)  
'Then down he sent the souls he made,  
'To seek them bodies here ;

' But parting from their warm abode,  
 They lost their fellows on the road,  
 ' And never join'd their hands :  
 ' Ah ! cruel chance, and crossing fates !  
 ' Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates,  
 ' On Europe's barbarous lands.

' Happy the youth that finds the bride,  
 ' Whose birth is to his own ally'd,  
 ' The sweetest joy of life :  
 ' But, oh ! the crowds of wretched souls,  
 ' Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,  
 ' And chain'd t' eternal strife !"

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard ;  
 My soul with vast attention heard,  
 While Ganges ceas'd to flow ;  
 " Sure then I cry'd, might I but see,  
 That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,  
 I may be happy too.

Some courteous angel, tell me where,  
 What distant lands, this unknown fair,  
 Or distant seas detain ?  
 Swift as the wheel of nature rolls  
 I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,  
 And wear the joyful chain."



## FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,  
 To whom my sweetest joys belong,  
 And who the happy pairs,  
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,  
 Find blessings twisted with their hands,  
 To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,  
That thoughtless fly into the chains,  
As custom leads the way :  
If there be bliss without design,  
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould  
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold  
To dull embraces move :  
So two rich mountains of Peru  
May rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires  
With wanton flames : those raging fires  
The purer bliss destroy :  
On *Ætna's* top let Furies wed,  
And sheets of light'ning dress the bed  
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms  
None of the melting passions warms,  
Can mingle hearts and hands :  
Logs of green wood that quench the coals,  
Are married just like Stoic souls,  
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,  
Still silent, or that still complain,  
Can the dear bondage bless :  
As well may heavenly concerts spring  
From two old lutes, with ne'er a string,  
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mould,  
The rugged and the keen.  
Sampson's young foxes might as well

In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With fire-brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind ;  
For love abhors the sight ;  
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves ;  
Bright Venus on her rolling throne  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupid's yoke the doves.



*AGAINST TEARS.*—BY THE SAME.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good  
To wash our moral cares away ;  
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,  
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,  
(These orbs that never use to rain)  
Some star direct me where to buy  
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine.  
I'd give both Indies for a tear ;  
I'd barter all but what's divine ;  
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas ? are trifling things,  
They rather feed than heal our woe ;  
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,  
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on ;  
 In vain our miseries hope relief,  
 For one drop calls another down,  
 Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,  
 Wear native courage on your face ;  
 These vulgar things were never made  
 For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,  
 And thousand foes your steps surround,  
 Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe :  
 The hardest fight is highest crown'd.



*THE COMPLAINT.*—BY THE SAME.

'Twas in a vale where osiers grow  
 By murmuring streams we told our woe,  
 And mingled all our cares ;  
 Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,  
 In both the weeping dew's arise,  
 And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,  
 Now mounting half his morning way,  
 Shone with a fainter bright ;  
 Still sick'ning, and decaying still,  
 Dimly he wander'd up the hill,  
 With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,  
 The queen of night obscur'd his gold  
 Behind her sable wheels ;  
 Nature grew sad to loose the day,  
 The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,  
 In mourning stood the hills.

Such are sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,  
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide  
Our darken'd souls behind ;  
In the young morning of our years  
Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres,  
And chock the lab'ring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,  
And overlooks the lofty shade,  
New-bright'ning all the skies ;  
But say, dear partner of my moan,  
When will our long eclipse be gone,  
Or when our suns arise ?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd  
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd  
To make the darkness fly :  
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,  
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,  
When fainting in the sky.

Some friendly spirit from above,  
Born of the light and nurst with love,  
Assist our feeble fires ;  
Force these invading glooms away ;  
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,  
Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,  
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,  
Release the prisoner mind ;  
Our souls shall mount at thy discharge,  
To their bright source, and shine at large  
Nor clouded nor confin'd.

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*FRIENDSHIP.—BY THE SAME.*

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,  
Thou sweet deluding ill,

The brightest minute mortals find,  
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares  
Of pleasure and of pain ;  
In love the comforts and the cares  
Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,  
And drops of joy are few,  
This dear delight of mingling souls  
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh ! why should bliss depart in haste,  
And friendship stay to moan ?  
Why the fond passion cling so fast,  
When every joy is gone !

Yet never let our hearts divide,  
Nor death dissolve the chain :  
For love and joy were once ally'd,  
And must be join'd again.



### DEATH OF TECUMSEH.—A PARODY.

THE war song rang true, for the savage brow low'r'd,  
And the centinel red-man lay watching the sky ;  
The runners had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,  
Too weary to live and too angry to die.

Tecumseh that night with no pallet of straw,  
By the frugal light faggot, that smok'd on the plain,  
At the mid watch of night, a stern vision he saw  
That the Great Spirit sent to warm him again ;

For his thoughts on the battle field's dreadful array  
Were fix'd, and he dreaded the white men's attack ;  
For he fear'd the next sun would light his last day,  
So chaunted his death song as he lay on his back.

He thought on the hunting grounds, painted so oft  
By his sire, who taught him the rude creed when  
    young,  
That good Indians' souls, when admitted aloft,  
Would follow their game where no nettles e'er stung.

Then seiz'd he his war-club, and rising he swore,  
From the field, or his friends, but with life would he  
    part—  
His wild eye meets the foe, as onward they pour,  
And danger with courage nerves proudly his heart.

Stay, stay with thy nation, thou art weary and worn,  
And fain was the war-broken Indian to go;  
For despair had rose with the dawning of morn,  
And the closing of day saw Tecumseh laid low.



### MOORE'S FAREWELL TO HIS HARP.

DEAR Harp of my country in darkness I found thee,  
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,  
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song.  
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness,  
Have waken'd thy sondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from me still.  
Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,  
Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,  
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone!  
It was light as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

## THE COCKNEY.

“ Maggots indeed may come to *flies*,  
But never can to oxen *rise*.”

A COCKNEY once, who wish'd to know,  
Ask'd—“ From what source do oxen grow ?”  
Was told that beef set in the ground,  
Would with young oxen soon abound.  
The Cit believed—took it for granted,  
Nor slept until some beef was planted.  
When this he'd done, with joyful heart,  
Unto his wife did thus impart :  
“ My dear—we now need toil no more  
For beef, as I shall soon have store ;  
I've just been planting in the ground,  
The finest beef that can be found,  
We shall no doubt have great increase,  
From planting such a fattened piece ;  
For I have tramp'd the markets through,  
To get a piece I thought would do.”  
Next week the Cockney went to view  
His fine old beef chang'd into new ;  
When none appeared above the ground—  
By turning up the mould he found  
Hundreds of oxen, as he thought,  
Planting this beef to life had brought,  
Ah lucky hit for me he cries,  
And to his spouse with speed he hies—  
“ My dear,”—says he with anxious look  
The wife with joy the news partook,  
Expecting something great to hear,  
Which he seemed eager to declare ;  
But when the story he related,  
Of rolling oxen, quite inflated,  
The wife being *York*, soon understood  
That maggots only formed the brood,  
Then with flat fist came smacking round,  
She laid her husband on the ground ;

Saying—"Of all the fools I ever knew,  
Cockneys, I am sure the world outdo."



## TO M——N.

ADIEU ye tender visions of delight,  
Which flattering hope's delusive pencil drew,  
When joys gay dancing charm'd my youthful sight,  
And wing'd by love the rapid moments flew.

And thou too lovely charming youth, farewell,  
To whom alone my captive soul is given ;  
With whom the native artless virtues dwell,  
Whose soul is spotless as the light of heaven.

But driven from thee, and torn from all I love,  
I go to wind my solitary way ;  
Yet still where'er my lonely footsteps rove,  
My soul can never from my M——n stray.

Ah ! cease ye throbbing tumults in my breast,  
And thou too, lively mournful memory cease ;  
Soon shall my woes in calm quiescence rest,  
The calm quiescence of eternal peace.

Wide o'er the tomb where rests my lonely head,  
When in the silent tomb forever laid,  
The sombrous yew his branching arms shall spread,  
And moon beams glimmer thro' the solemn shade.

Say wilt thou then, by soft compassion led,  
To her who once too fondly held thee dear ;  
Bend o'er my early grave thy drooping head,  
And pay the tribute of a tender tear.

*LAST LINES OF COWPER.*

The following lines are said to be the last that ever  
Cowper wrote.

To Jesus the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
Oh ! bear me, ye Cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour ! whom absent I love,  
Whom, not having seen, I adore,  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve thou the bands that detain  
My soul from her portion in Thee ;  
Oh ! strike off the adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

Then, that happy era begins,  
When array'd in thy glory I shine,  
And no longer pierce with my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline.



*ON THE EVILS OF A MISCHIEVOUS  
TONGUE.*

By T. G. FESSENDEN, Esq.

“ Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not  
so many as have fallen by the tongue.”

Eccl. Apoc. xxviii, 8,

Tho' millions the sword of the warrior has slaughter'd,  
While fame has the homicide's eulogy rung ;  
Yet many more millions on millions are martyr'd—  
Cut off by that cowardly weapon, the tongue.

One sword may be match'd by another as keen,  
 In battle the bold man a bolder may meet,  
 But the shaft of the slanderer, flying unseen  
 From the quiver of malice, brings ruin complete.

An *insolent tongue*, by a taunt or a gibe,  
 Enkindles heart-burnings and bloody affrays ;  
 A *treacherous tongue*, when impell'd by a bribe,  
 The guiltless condemns, or a nation betrays.

A *smooth subtle tongue* vile seducers employ  
 The fair sex to lure to libidinous thrall ;  
 A *slip of the tongue* may its owner destroy,  
 And the *tongue of the serpent* occasion'd the fall.

Then be it impress'd on Columbian youth,  
 That the tongue is an engine of terrible force ;  
 Not govern'd by reason, not guided by truth,  
 A plague, which may desolate worlds in its course.

---

### A NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

ONE female companion to soften my cares,  
 Two thousand a year to support my affairs :  
 Three dogs and a gun when to sport I incline,  
 Four horses and chaise to indulge me and mine ;  
 Five jolly companions with whom to make merry,  
 Six dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry :  
 Seven beds in my house for my friends and their leisure,  
 Eight something or other, to add to their pleasure :  
 Nine pounds in my pocket, when cash I require,  
 Ten favors are all that on earth I desire :  
 And a passport to heaven when from earth I retire.

---

### THE VOYAGE OF LOVE AND TIME.

Destin'd with restless foot to roam,  
 Old Time, a venerable sage.

Reaches a river's brink, and "Come,"  
 He cries, "have pity on my age.  
 What on those banks forgotten, I  
 Who mark each moment with my glass,  
 Hear damsels, hear my suppliant cry,  
 And courteously help Time to pass."

Disporting on the further shore,  
 Full many a gentle nymph look'd on,  
 Bade Love, their boatman, fetch the Crone -  
 But one of all the group most staid,  
 Still warn'd her vent'rous mates : "Alas,  
 How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid  
 Whose pity would help Time to pass."

Lightly his boat across the stream  
 Love guides, his hoary freight receives,  
 And fluttering 'mid the sunny gleam,  
 His canvass to the breezes gives ;  
 And plying light his little oars,  
 In treble now and then in bass,  
 "See girls," the enraptured Urchin roars,  
 "How gaily Love makes Time to pass."

But soon, 'tis Love's proverbial crime,  
 Exhausted he his oars let fall ;  
 And soon these oars are seiz'd by Time,  
 And heard ye not the rallier's call ?  
 "What, tir'd so soon of thy sweet toil ?  
 Poor child ! thou sleepest : I, alas !  
 In graver strain repeat the while  
 My song : 'tis Time makes Love to pass."



### *BALLAD : ON WOMEN.*

WHILE women, like soft Music's charms,  
 So sweetly bliss dispenses,

Some favorite part each fair performs,  
In the concert of the senses.  
Love, great first fiddle in the band,  
Each passion quells and raises,  
Exploring with a master's hand,  
Nice modulations mazes—  
Till the rapt soul supremely blest,  
Beams brightly in each feature,  
And lovely woman stands confest  
The harmony of nature.

Hark ! with the pensive in duet,  
The sprightly horn it mingles !  
The Prude's the flute, and the Coquet,  
The lively harp that tingles !  
One boldly sweeps the leading strings,  
While plaintive 'tother prates it ;  
Like Cæsar, this to victory springs,  
Like Fabius that awaits it.  
With various gifts to make us blest,  
Love skills each charming creature ;  
Thus lovely woman stands confest,  
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,  
Widows, the growling tymbal,  
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,  
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.  
All wives piano fortes are,  
The bass, how old maids thump it,  
The bugle horn are arches fair,  
An Amazon's a trumpet.  
Thus with rare gifts to make us blest,  
Love skills his favorite creature,  
And thus sweet woman stands confest,  
The harmony of nature.

*BRANDY.*

Full oft I've press'd thee to my heart,  
 Resolv'd that we should never part;  
 But ah ! I find thou'st caus'd me smart,  
     My little mug of Brandy.

I found thee once my only joy,  
 A fond companion—darling toy,  
 A welcome guest, and sole employ,  
     My little mug of Brandy.

There by my side I've often laid ;  
 Sometimes I plac'd thee near my head ;  
 And often sipp'd thee when in bed—  
     My little mug of Brandy.

How many shillings had I spent,  
 Aye pounds, and still was not content,  
 Till to the ale-house I had sent,  
     My little mug of Brandy.

But now I find I can reclaim,  
 And by my little mug have lain,  
 Resolv'd to never touch again,  
     My little mug of Brandy.

My lovely bride and children they,  
 With one accord, now bless the day,  
 When I resolv'd to put away,  
     My little mug of Brandy.

And now, when home I go at night,  
 My partner smiles with sweet delight ;  
 Instead of wrong, I find all right,  
     Without my little mug of Brandy.

My little cottage snug and neat,  
 My children clothed from head to feet,  
 My senses now doth sweetly greet,  
     Without my mug of Brandy.

My little cherubs round me cling,  
 My lovely spouse sits down to sing,  
 And I am happy as a king,  
                     Without my mug of Brandy.

So farewell now, thou little pest,  
 Without thee I'm supremely blest ;  
 Whene'er I see thee I detest  
                     My little mug of Brandy.  
                     TIMOTHY TIPPLE, JR.

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### LITTLE THINGS ARE BEST.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

*Addressed to Miss C——, a little, short Lady.*

When any thing abounds, we find  
     That nobody will have it,  
 But when there's little of the kind,  
     Don't all the people crave it?

If wives are evil, as 'tis known  
     And wofully confess'd,  
 The man who's wise will surely own  
     A little one is best.\*

The god of Love's a little wight,  
     But beautiful as thought ;  
 Thou too art little, fair as light,  
     And ev'ry thing is short! †

O, happy girl! I think thee so,  
     For mark the poet's ‡ song—

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\*See *Josephus de Uxoribus*—a very ancient and serious jest.

† *Nulla voluptas longa est.* Seneca.

‡ Drs. Goldsmith and Young.

“Man wants but little here below,  
 “Nor wants that little *long* !”

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### DEXTEROUS PUNNING.

The following anecdote was sent by a young Lady to her lover, whose name was Nott, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was tied soon after the discerning lover decyphered its import.

Why urge, dear sir, a bashful maid  
 To change a single lot ?  
 When well you know I've often said,  
 In truth, I love you, Nott.

For all your pain, I do, Nott, care,  
 And trust me on my life,  
 Though you have millions, I declare,  
 I would, Nott, be your wife.

---

### THE OLD BACHELOR.

What COLONEL ! still solus ? no wife in the chase ?  
 Still afraid of the soul chilling “No ?”  
 Poor faint hearted soul ! how I pity thy case !  
 More timid the older you grow.

Here are blue eyes and black eyes, the fair and brunette—

The grave, the coquette, and the prude ;  
 From stately Melinda to fidgeting Bet,  
 “I know it—I would if I could.”

See Clara—sweet model of feminine grace !  
 How can you behold her unmov'd ;  
 A temper more sweet, or a lovelier face.  
 Might be *worshipp'd* but could not be lov'd.

Will sighing and wishing, e'er bring to your arms,  
A damsel so charming and good ?  
Not a single endeavor for so many charms ?  
'Don't tease me—*I would if I could.*"

On Maria's blue eye could an anchorite gaze,  
Nor kindle amain at the view ?  
With calmness to glance on so witching a face,  
Was reserv'd for a puppy like you.

The rose and the lily bloom bright on her cheek—  
Her lips ! how with nectar imbu'd ?  
You monster of dulness—and why don't you speak ?  
'Why hang ye !—*I would if I could.*"

Have Anna's attractions no longer a charm ?  
Or what can have render'd them less ?  
Can sweetness so touching, and goodness so warm,  
Excite not a wish to possess ?

Your sense of her merit, you oft have avow'd,  
By heaven you deserve a ratan—  
Go—whine like a school boy, "*I would if I could,*"  
"*God help me !—I will if I can.*"

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MELANCHOLY.—BY R. S. COFFIN.

She dwells by a stream, where the cypress and willow  
Are gem'd with the tears that fall from her eye ;  
The earth is her bed and the flint-stone her pillow,  
Midnight her mantle, her curtain the snow.

Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning,  
Ne'er pierc'd the chill gloom of its wildering maze,  
Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,  
Ne'er warm'd with its fire or cheer'd with its rays.

The moon is her lamp, when the mist mantled mountain  
 She clambers at midnight, and walks o'er its steep ;  
 Or leans on the rock of a chrystalline fountain,  
 And sighs to the tempest that howls o'er the deep.

Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,  
 Her robes are all wet and her bosom is bare ;  
 Like a barque on the waves, 'mid the whirlwinds of  
 heaven,  
 She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.



*BOWER OF PRAYER.*—By T. ORMSBEE.

To leave my dear friends, and with neighbours to part,  
 And move from my home, afflicts not my heart ;  
 Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,  
 From the blessed retreat, I have chosen to pray.

Dear Bower ! where the pine and poplar have spread,  
 And woven their branches, a roof over head ;  
 How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
 And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer !

The early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale,  
 That dwelt in the bower, I observ'd as my bell—  
 To call me to duty, while birds in the air,  
 Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

How sweet were the zephyrs, perfum'd by the pine,  
 The ivy, the balsam, and wild egplantine ;  
 Yet sweeter, O sweeter ! superlative were,  
 The joys I there tasted in answer to prayer.

For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deign'd to meet,  
 And grace with his presence, my humble retreat ;  
 Oft fill'd me with raptures and blessedness there,  
 Inditing in Heaven's own language my prayer.

Dear Bower ! I must leave you and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions in places that are new ;  
Well knowing my Saviour resides every where,  
And can in all places, give answers to prayer.

---

*HOPE.*

HOPE is a dear enchanting guest,  
That dwells within the human breast ;  
It sends its ever cheering rays,  
And leads our minds to happy days.

'Tis hope affords our ev'ry joy,  
Gives happiness without alloy,  
Supports the disappointed mind,  
Assuages grief of ev'ry kind.

Hope lulls the troubled mind to rest,  
Drives anxious cares from ev'ry breast,  
Bids us on future joys depend,  
And makes contentment here our friend.

How oft amid affliction's gloom,  
We pensive, mourn our hapless doom,  
Till hope, the best of passions here,  
Is sent, our aching heart to cheer.

Behold the pious hearted sage,  
Whose locks are silver'd o'er with age,  
Now bending under stern disease,  
While pain and anguish on him seize.

Say what directs consoling ray,  
And cheers him in life's dreary way ?  
It is a hope of future peace,  
When sorrows shall forever cease.

Hope gives his mind a sweet repose,  
 And pleasure in perspective shows,  
 Lessens his grief and trouble here,  
 And in his eye dries ev'ry tear.

Hope is a friend of human kind,  
 The health and vigor of the mind ;  
 Like summer's evening mild and sweet,  
 'Tis ever found with joy replete,



### *DOVE-EYED MODESTY.*

BY THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

There's a gem of countless worth.  
 Sometimes found upon the earth—  
 Would you this fair brilliant see ?  
 It is dove-eyed modesty.

Pure and spotless as thou art,  
 Still thou rulest o'er my heart—  
 How I prize and worship thee,  
 Lovely dove-eyed modesty.

All the graces in thee meet,  
 Pride is prostrate at thy feet ;  
 What thou art she fain would be,  
 Lovely dove-eyed modesty.

How thy graces all divine,  
 In retirement most do shine,  
 Thou would'st from our notice flee,  
 Lovely dove-eyed modesty.

Thou art beauty, thou art worth,  
 Fairest gem upon the earth ;  
 I thee oft'ner fain would see,  
 Lovely dove-eyed modesty.

*RESENTMENT*,—BY THE SAME.

And dwells resentment now within my breast,  
 And can I nourish the unwelcome guest ?  
 And can I lodge thee in my inmost heart,  
 As near as life and quite as loth to part ?

Art thou an object of my fond desire,  
 Thou child of Satan and offspring of fire ?  
 The worst of places that e'er in hell had birth,  
 To curse mankind, while here upon the earth ;

All black and loathsome as thy dark abode,  
 Where thou dost thirst for vengeance and for blood ?  
 Fell passion no ; I will not give thee room,  
 Be gone thou Demon this is not thy home ;

'Tis not thy home, and sure I ne'er will drive,  
 Some kinder passion from its native hive,  
 To give thee room ; O thou infernal fiend,  
 I will not e'en one moment be thy friend.

Thou hast no friend but every man's thy foe,  
 And foes thou mak'st where e'er thou chance to go.  
 We are not friends, and never sure can be,  
 For in my breast I have no room for thee, }  
 Nor shalt thou ever lord it over me. }

There is no peace, no comfort and no rest,  
 When once thou hast possession of my breast ;  
 All commotion and all love must flee,  
 And leave my heart to hatred and to thee.

I would not live thus for one single hour,  
 Beneath thy rule and thy tyrannic power.  
 If I must live 'neath thy tyrannic sway,  
 I with the bears and wolves would flee away,  
 Or with the owls and bats would shun the light of  
 day.

*FREEDOM'S STANDARD.—BY THE SAME.*

When o'er proud Europe's wide domains,  
Fair freedom glanc'd her eager eyes,  
And saw her blood stain'd crimson plains,  
She stretch'd her pinions 'ward the skies—  
But bending down to earth again,  
She saw Columbia's western star,  
And pitying still poor wretched man,  
She cri'd "I'll plant my standard there."

She hasted to the chosen coast,  
With hardy vet'rans for her train,  
Worthy to be bold freedom's boast,  
And cross with her the raging main—  
When on Columbia's shores so wild,  
She cast her eyes round wide and far,  
And as she view'd her forests, smil'd,  
She said, "I'll plant my standard there."

A savage horde—a motley crew,  
With cruel hearts and bloody hands,  
With jealous eyes the pilgrims view,  
And swear to drive them from their lands—  
Fair Freedom saw her chosen train,  
Nor let their cries be lost in air ;  
She cried "be valiant, fight like men,  
And I will plant my standard there."

When Europe saw their happy state,  
They sought to forge them galling chains,  
And wreak her malice and her hate,  
On Freedom's sons, on Freedom's plains—  
But freedom still will guard her sons,  
And drive her haughty foes afar ;  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,  
She cried "I'll plant my standard there."

If to invade fair Freedom's shore,  
Some hostile despot even dares ;

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,  
 And bear the gallant stripes and stars—  
 Make all respect bold Freemen's rights,  
 In blissful peace, or bloody war;  
 For in your ranks fair Freedom fights,  
 And she will plant her standard there.

Let Freedom's fav'rites guard with care,  
 The boon they have so dearly won;  
 And haughty tyrants ne'er will dare,  
 To trample on their rights again:  
 Then shall fair Freedom from on high,  
 Still make Columbia's sons her care,  
 And her blest name shall never die,  
 She will protect her standard there.



## *FAREWELL TO MY YOUTH.*

BY B. H. WILSON.

Farewell to the days of my youth,  
 Which fled with the speed of a dove;  
 They've left me the vision of truth,  
 And taught me true lessons of love.

Farewell to the smiles she has given,  
 The joys I once stole from her arms,  
 They've left me a prospect of heaven,  
 A shelter from outward alarms.

The pleasure which then oft arose  
 From trifling amusement and glee,  
 And pain that succeeded the close,  
 Are now alike useful to me.

The follies that mark'd my career,  
 To the sight of reason's domain,  
 May serve when temptations appear,  
 To teach the true worth of a name,

The dawn of that hope I will hail,  
Which illumines the path of the brave,  
And shows the true course we must sail,  
With peace and content to the grave.

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### THE CONNECTICUT.

WHERE the CONNECTICUT, through meadows green,  
To flow in sable banks, with pleasures seen,  
Where in splendor so great we oft behold,  
O'er cataracts its waters flow so bold;  
"Behold! Nature is gracefully display'd  
In all meanderings; in dress array'd,  
'Thou mighty deep! can you with her compare,  
In majesty so grand, sublimely fair:

Here are no tempests, and no surges roll!  
'To dash the waves o'er many weary soul.  
See here, the sun, that shines with friendly beams,  
Observe dancing in the noblest of streams;  
How delightful the task its banks to tread,  
But Oh; its silence resembles the dead!  
I've oft observ'd the noble Mohawk run,  
From the dawn of day, until set of sun;  
I've sail'd the Hudson, that mighty stream,  
In cabins of crimson, propell'd by steam;  
But of all they can boast, I nought can see,  
CONNECTICUT! that can compare with thee!

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### ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

FROM M. S. OF PETER POSY.—*Tune Indian Philosopher.*

HAIL, CONTENTMENT! delightful guest,  
Deign to enter the human breast,  
And there remain a while;

The little I can call my own,  
Is now to thee, Contentment ! shown,  
And this too, with a smile.

Long time riches I've sought to gain,  
But all my toils have proved vain,  
For which I have so try'd ;  
Both wealth and power do here combine,  
To make the heart, render the mind  
Not the least satisfy'd.

It is in thee, alone, I find  
Cordials that satisfy the mind,  
And render it sincere ;  
Oh, banish discontent that serve,  
My tranquil breast and peace to swerve,  
Into horrors of fear.

O ! deign to bless my present state,  
O ! soothe my mind, not it elate  
With arrogance and pride ;  
Subdue the trash that vex my soul,  
Calm all desires both new and old,  
As I, in thee confide.

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### ALONZO'S FAREWELL.

*Written by the Author of the "Mourning Orphan," on  
his departing for Boston.*

FAREWELL, my friends most dear, we soon are parted,  
Let us be of good cheer, not broken hearted ;  
Though anguish pierce the heart with many a sorrow,  
They but increase the smart, who trouble borrow.

My breast with friendship burns, Oh ! sweet emotion !  
But ah ! the pang returns—what dire commotion !  
Perhaps we meet no more, and this a warning,  
Youth, cease thus to deplore ?—why this repining,

The hand of Providence takes care of mortals,  
 And on no vain pretence will ope the portals  
 Of vast futurity, for speculation,  
 In our security or admiration.

My mind will oft retrace—oft I shall ponder  
 The features of each face, tho' far I wander ;  
 Yes my beloved friends, these dear reflections  
 Will wake within my breast sweet recollections.

May we direct through life our course with honour,  
 Shun envy, wrath and strife, and all dishonour,  
 Virtue our walks attend, her garb we borrow,  
 And heaven our lives defend from pain and sorrow.

Should we ne'er meet in time t'enjoy the pleasure,  
 That flows from thoughts sublime, and friendship's  
 treasure ;

When we shall quit these scenes so transitory,  
 May we enjoy Heaven's beams of light and glory.



### BETH GELERT :

*Or, the Grave of the Greyhound.*

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,  
 And cheerly smil'd the morn ;  
 And many a brach and many a hound  
 Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
 And gave a lustier cheer,  
 " Come Gelert, come, wert ne'er the last  
 Llewellyn's horn to hear.

" Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,  
 The flower of all his race ;  
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase !"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board  
 The faithful Gelert fed :  
 He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,  
 And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John ;  
 But now no Gelert could be found,  
 And all the chase rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells,  
 The galling chidings rise,  
 All Lowdon's craggy chaos yells,  
 The many mingled cries.

That day, Llewellyn little loved,  
 The chase of heart or hare,  
 And scant and small the booty proved,  
 For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied ;  
 When near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gelert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
 The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,  
 His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,  
 Unused such looks to meet,  
 His favorite check'd his joyful guise,  
 And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,  
 And on went Gelert too,  
 And still where'er his eyes he cast,  
 Fresh blood drops shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
With blood stained covert rent,  
And all around the walls and ground,  
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied ;  
He search'd with terror wild :  
Blood, blood, he found on every side,  
But no where found his child.

“ Hell-hound, my child by thee's devoured,”  
The frantic father cried,  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword,  
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart,  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Passed heavy on his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh,  
What words the parent's joy can tell,  
To hear his infant's cry.

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,  
His hurried search had miss'd ;  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor wound had he, nor harm nor dread ,  
But the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's wo :  
 " Best of thy kind, adieu !  
 The frantic blow that laid thee low,  
 This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
 With costly sculpture deck'd ;  
 And marble storied with his praise,  
 Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
 Or forester, unmoved ;  
 There oft the dew-besprinkled grass  
 Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,  
 And there as evening fell,  
 In fancy's ear he oft would hear,  
 Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old  
 And cease the storm to brave,  
 The consecrated spot shall hold,  
 The name of " Gelert's Grave."



### WHEN THE LAST TEAR.

WHEN the last tear of love is shed,  
 And the free spirit hastens away,  
 When joy, desire, and hope have fled,  
 And beauty seeks its couch in clay ;

O, then, what art, what pageantry  
 Of worth deceas'd, shall tell ? what bust  
 To years, shall breathe the memory  
 Of those that slumber, dust with dust ?

For marbled busts will disappear,  
 While time obliterates the urn,

And those who now bestow the tear,  
Will claim the tribute in return.

Vain is the pageant—vain is art,  
To gleam from years a living name ;  
One simple deed from virtue's heart,  
Alone can consecrate its fame.



### *IS LIFE A DREAM ?*

CAMILLA ! is our life a dream ?  
And does our happiness but seem,  
And we but shadows prove ?  
Is all affection lost in guile ?  
Does falsehood wear an honest smile,  
And anger dwell with love ?

If so,—our life indeed is vain,  
And we but traffickers in pain—  
Tried, troubled as we go ;  
The brightest orb above that shines,  
Its splendor all to one declines,  
Who dwells in tents of wo.

Camilla ! we are dreamers all,  
And phantoms do our minds enthrall,  
With pleasures in their train ;  
But those so blooming and so fair,  
Beneath our touch deceitful are,  
And vanish ere we gain.

Youth dawns like day-light on our eyes ;  
Perchance the drowsy phantom flies,  
Or fastens us in sleep :  
Sleep, if in hoary age we wake,  
That leaves us sorrows to partake,  
And silent fastings keep.

Camilla ! is our life a dream—  
 Then let us hope 'twill always seem  
     A dream of faith and love;  
 A dream in which no foes abound—  
 No sorrows chill—no vice is found—  
     'The blissful dream of love !



From the new Novel of "Melincourt."

*THE FLOWER OF LOVE.*

'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower,  
     Its blushes so bright, its thorns so many ;  
 And winter on its bloom has power,  
     But has not on its sweetness any,  
 For though young Love's ethereal rose  
     Will droop on age's wintry bosom,  
 Yet still his faded leaves disclose  
     The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah ! the fragrance lingering there  
     Is like the sweets that mournful duty  
 Bestows, with sadly-soothing care,  
     To deck the grave of Bloom and Beauty,  
 For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,  
     Its blush extinct to kindle never,  
 That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,  
     That breathes of pleasure part for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,  
     That bears no thorns, and cannot perish ?  
 Alas ! no sweets its flowers diffuse  
     And only sweets Love's life can cherish,  
 But be the rose and amaranth twin'd,  
     And Love, their mingled powers assuming,  
 Shall round his brows a chaplet bind  
     Forever sweet, forever blooming.

O TELL ME NOT THAT WINE WILL  
SOOTHE.

O TELL me not that wine will soothe  
 The heart depress'd with woe ;  
 O tell me not that wine will smooth  
 Grim Penury's haggard brow ;  
 For though its wave may beam as bright  
 As evening's brilliant tear,  
 It cannot gild Misfortune's night,  
 Or calm the sinner's fear,

O tell me not that Beauty's smile,  
 (That sun of cloudless morn,)  
 Can black Despair of woe beguile,  
 Or blunt Affliction's thorn ;  
 For though awhile its beams may play  
 Where health and pleasure bloom,  
 Disease will shroud its pleasing ray—  
 It shines not in the tomb.

O tell me not that Fame can give  
 The canker'd conscience peace ;  
 O tell me not that Fame will live,  
 When hope and life shall cease ;  
 For though it points where honor bleeds,  
 And bids the bosom burn,  
 Yet, as the lightning, swift, recedes,  
 When time hath grasp'd his urn.

But tell me that Religion's ray  
 Can light the soul to heaven ;  
 O tell me this can point the way  
 'To him on quicksands driven,  
 And I'll believe—for well I know  
 That this *alone* can save,  
 That this can chase the clouds of woe,  
 And gild the peasant's grave.

*THE MONTHLY ROSE.*

JUST like love is this lone rose,  
This household flow'r, which monthly blows,  
Whose stalk and leaves are always seen,  
Ever blooming, ever green—  
Just like Love.

Affection's shoot, it first appear'd,  
For 'twas by female kindness rear'd ;  
It grew a little timid flow'r,  
Reckless of its hidden pow'r—  
Just like Love.

Its perfume, to a favor'd few,  
(Unlike the wild-flower, drench'd in dew,)  
Is given—nor asks for other praise ;  
But ever shuns the vulgar gaze—  
Just like love.

Mid Winter's snows its flow'rs appear—  
Its sweets defy the changing year ;  
Nor till death has laid it low,  
Will it blight, or mildew know—  
Just like Love.

*MENTAL BEAUTY.—BY MR. FITZGERALD.*

THE charms which blooming beauty shews  
From faces heavenly fair,  
We to the lily and the rose,  
With semblance apt, compare :

With semblance apt, for ah ! how soon,  
How soon they all decay !  
The lily droops, the rose is gone,  
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confest  
 With sweet discretion join'd ;  
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,  
 And wisdom guides the mind ;

When charms like these, dear maid ! conspire  
 Thy person to improve,  
 They kindle generous chaste desire,  
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate  
 These graces shall endure ;  
 Still like the passion they create,  
 Eternal, constant, pure.

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VILLAGE GREATNESS.—BY WM. RAY.

In every country village, where  
 Ten chimnies smoke perfume the air  
 Contiguous to a steeple :  
 Great gentlefolks are found a score,  
 Who can't associate, any more  
 With common " country people."

*Jack Fellow*, born among the woods,  
 From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,  
 Enough awhile to dash on—  
 Tells negro stories, smokes cigars,  
 Talks politicks, decides on wars,  
 And lives in stylish fashion.

*Tim Orgoad*, lately from the plough,  
 A polish'd gentlemen is now—  
 And talks of country fellows ;  
 But ask the sop what books he's read,  
 You'll find the brain-pan of his head,  
 As empty as a bellows.

*Miss Faddle* lately from the wheel,  
 Begins quite lady like to feel,  
 And talks affectedly genteel,  
 And sings some tasty songs too ;  
 But my veracity impeach,  
 If she can tell what part of speech  
 Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refin'd,  
 Without one beauty of the mind,  
 Genius or education ;  
 Or family, or fame, to boast,  
 To see *such gentry* rule the coast,  
 Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from our earth,  
 Should real genius, mental worth,  
 The aid of science lend you ;  
 You might as well the styè refine,  
 Or cast your pearls before the swine,  
 They'd only turn and rend you.

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### THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

The following is not an European fiction ; it is a real  
 Madagascar song, brought from that island by the  
 Chevalier de Perni, a prose translation of which may  
 be seen in vol. 1. p. 551, of *Varieties of Literature*.

“WHY shrink'st thou weak girl ! why this coward des-  
 pair ?

Thy tears and thy struggles are vain :  
 Oppose me no more ; of my curses beware !  
 Thy terrors and griefs I disdain.”

The mother was dragging her daughter away,  
 To the white man, alas ! to be sold,

"Oh spare me ! (she cried) sure thou would'st not betray  
The child of thy bosom for gold ! .

"The pledge of thy love, I first taught thee to know  
A mother's affection and fears ;  
What crime hast deserv'd thou should'st only bestow  
Dishonor, and bondage, and tears ?

"I tenderly soothe every sorrow and care ;  
To ease thee unwearied I toil ;  
The fish of the stream by my wiles I ensnare ;  
The meads of their flowers despoil.

"From the wintry blast I have shelter'd thy head ;  
Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade ;  
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft leafy bed ;  
The mus-quetoe oft chas'd from the glade.

"Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee I am torn ?  
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine !  
Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despairing I mourn,  
Not my sorrows or hardships, but thine.

"Then sell me not ; save me from anguish and shame !  
No child hast thou, mother, but me !  
Oh ! do not too rashly, adjure the dear claim ;  
My bosom most trembles for thee !"

In vain she implor'd : wretched maid ! she was sold ;  
To the ship chain'd and frantic, convey'd ;  
Her parent and country ne'er more to behold,  
By a merciless mother betray'd.



### A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A Bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear :  
A willowy brook that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The Swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest,  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to Heav'n.



*THE WISH ENJOYED.*—BY H. REPTON, Esq.

So damp my cot beside the hill  
The bees have ceas'd to sooth my ear :  
The willowy brook that turns the mill,  
Is turn'd to please the miller near.

The swallow, hous'd beneath my thatch,  
Bedaubs my windows from her nest ;  
Instead of pilgrims at my latch,  
Beggars and thieves disturb my rest.

From out the ivy at my door  
Earwigs and snails are ever crawling :  
Lucy now spins and sings no more,  
Because the hungry brats are squalling.

To village church, with priestly pride,  
In vain the pointing spire is given :  
Lucy, with *Wesley* for her guide,  
Has found a shorter way to Heav'n.

“THE LITTLE GIRL WITH BOSOM BARE.”

Oh the bliss, that's in caressing  
 Any lovely, smiling fair !  
 But what extacy in pressing  
*The little girl with bosom bare !*

As every day she passes by,  
 With sparkling eyes and auburn hair,  
 I steal a glance, and heave a sigh  
 For lovely LUCE, *with bosom bare.*

Between those hills of living snow,  
 Nestling CUPID does lay his snare :—  
 Look, and soon the charm you'll know,  
*The little girl with bosom bare.*

A pleasant wight, the other day,  
 Roving abroad to take the air,  
 Spied luckily across the way,  
*The little girl with bosom bare.*

The dimpling cherub twang'd his bow,  
 He pierc'd his heart, I'd almost swear ;  
 And CHARLES soon made his humblest bow  
 To lovely LUCE, *with bosom bare,*

In satire soon the neighbors said,  
 A *bosom*-friend did LUCE ensnare ;  
 They thought that CHARLES would surely wed  
*The little girl with bosom bare.*

But soon he felt so highly pleas'd,  
 HYMEN could but his joys impair :—  
 He therefore from his heart releas'd  
*The little girl with bosom bare.*

And now, dejected and forlorn,  
 Does LUCY of the sex despair ;  
 While all the hundred hands of scorn  
 Point at the girl *with bosom bare.*

She thought her CHARLES of love the slave,  
 But now her life does loud declare—  
 Though all may like, yet none will have  
 A little girl *with bosom bare*.



### THE LADY'S MAN.

“ *Not all the favors coquette show,  
 And smiles the fop is heir to,  
 Could tempt me to become a beau,  
 And feel as beaux appear to.*”

No malice, no envy inspires  
 The bard, his advice to disclose ;  
 The favor a foppling acquires,  
 Will never disturb my repose.

Tho' sad, he must always seem gay ;  
 Tho' restless, appear at his ease ;  
 Must talk, when he's nothing to say,  
 And laugh, when there's nothing to please.

Must never look shy, nor afraid ;  
 Approve of nonsensical clatter,  
 And smile at whatever is said,  
 Good, bad, or indiff'rent—no matter.

If Nancy say, “ Cræsus was poor,”  
 'Tis his to say *yes*, and agree ;  
 Or Charlotte, two threes are but four,  
 “ Correct Ma'am, just four they must be.”

Should Susan remark, “ it is hot,”  
 His answer must be, *it is so* ;  
 If Mary observe, “ it is not,”  
 To her he consents and says, *no*.

Would any dispense with his mind,  
Bow, wheedle, sigh, whimper and pray,  
And hoodwink'd be led by the blind,  
To such I have only to say,

Quit Paley and studdy to please,  
Read Chesterfield's system of laws,  
And then you may bask at your ease,  
In the sunshine of coquettes' applause.



*HIGHLAND MARY.*—TUNE. "*Catharine Ozie.*"

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There summer first unfurled her robes,  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet HIGHLAND MARY.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn blossom ;  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
The golden hours, on eagles' wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was so tender ;  
And pledged aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder ;  
But Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower so early !  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
 And closed for ay, the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that loe'd me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



### *I'D RATHER BE EXCUS'D.*

BY MRS. ROWSON.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,  
 Across yon verdant plain,  
 Young Harry said he'd see me home ;  
 A tight and comely swain.  
 He begg'd I would a fairing take,  
 And would not be refus'd ;  
 Then ask'd a kiss, I blushing cried,  
 ' I'd rather be excus'd.'

' You're coy,' said he, ' my pretty maid,  
 I mean no harm I swear ;  
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd  
 For you my pretty fair.  
 But if my teuderness offends,  
 And if my love's refus'd,  
 I'll leave you'—'What ! alone'—said I,  
 ' I'd rather be excus'd.'

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd  
 He warmly urg'd his suit :  
 But still I was to all he said  
 Most obstinately mute.

At length got home, he angry cry'd,  
 ' My passion is abus'd—  
 ' Then die a maid'—' Indeed,' said I,  
 ' I'd rather be excus'd.'

---

### *THE RAY THAT BEAMS FOREVER.*

THERE is a bloom that never fades,  
 A rose no storm can sever,  
 Beyond the tulip's gaudy shades,  
 A ray that beams forever.

There is a charm surpassing art,  
 That speaks in every feature ;  
 That twines around the feeling heart,  
 It is thy charm, O nature !

Then stranger, if thou fain wouldst find,  
 The rose no storm can sever,  
 Go seek it stranger, in the MIND,  
 The ray that beams forever.

---

### *THE PRISON.—BY DR. DARWIN.*

O WELCOME, debtor ! in these walls  
 Thy cares, and joys, and loves forego ;  
 Approach (a brother debtor calls)  
 And join the family of woe !

Did fortune with her frowning brow  
 Thy late and early toils withstand ?  
 Or slander strike the fatal blow,  
 Or griping us'ry's iron hand ?

Say, does a wife, to want consign'd,  
 While weeping babes surround her bed,

Peep through, and see the fetters bind  
Those hands that earn'd their daily bread ?

Does she in vain on knees that bend,  
The marble heart of wealth implore ?  
Breathless pursue some flying friend,  
Or beat in vain the closing door ?

Look up, and share our scanty meal ;  
For us some brighter hours may flow ;  
Some angel break these bolts of steel,  
For Howard marks and feels our woe.



### *I SAW FROM THE BEACH.*

BY T. MOORE.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;  
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,  
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,  
So passing the spring tide of joys that are gone ;  
Each wave that we danced on, at morning ebbs flow,  
And leaves us at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me the glories serenely adorning  
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;  
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of  
morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth evenings best  
light.

Oh ! who could not welcome that moment's returning,  
When passion first wak'd a new life through his  
frame,  
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in  
burning,  
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

( THE TREBLE VOICE.—BY SELECK OSBORN.

THAT voice—O, how its warbling thrill  
 Each nerve with rapture, while I hear !  
 While every earthly thought is still,  
 And none but purest pleasures fill  
 My senses, crowding at my ear.

Hark—how it swells ! so swells my soul  
 With joy exalted, pure and holy ;—  
 It rises !—Earth, thy base control  
 I spurn ! Adieu, vain world of folly !

For I disclaim all grovelling joys—  
 I feast on sound—I live on song—  
 I rise, immortal, with that voice,  
 To heaven, where all such strains belong.

In tender cadence now it falls—  
 Breathes gently through the sacred dome,  
 Like the angelic tone that calls  
 A kindred-spirit to its home.

'Tis ended—but the lovely strain  
 Still breathes delight on Fancy's ear ;  
 Mortal I find myself again,  
 I know it by this starting tear :

'Tis not my present sense alone  
 That wakes, sweet LAURA at thy song ;  
 But images of *pleasure frown*  
 Around the seat of memory throng.

For then I think of other days,  
 When ONE, with heart as pure as thine,  
 Beside me rais'd the hymn of praise,  
 And blended all her soul with mine,

Sing on, fair warbler ! O, restore  
 The dear illusion to my view ;

To sooth my widowed heart once more  
The dream of past delights renew.

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SONG—From Moore's "Light of the Haram," in *Lalla Rookh*—sung by queen Nourmahal, in the guise of an Arabian maid, and addressed to Selim of or Jehan Guire, the Emperor.

FLY to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee—  
But, Oh! the choice what heart can doubt,  
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough—but smiling there  
'Th'acacia waves her yellow hair  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in the wilderness.

Our sands are bare—but down the slope  
The silv'ry footed antelope  
As gracefully and gaily springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab main will be  
The lov'd and lone acacia tree;  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure, it through life had sought!

As if the very lips and eyes,  
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me they breathed and shone ;  
Now, as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome, as if lov'd for years.

Then fly with me—if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away that thou hast sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—  
Fresh as the fountain under ground,  
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipped image from its base,  
To give to me the ruined place ;

Then fare thee well. I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake,  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine.



### ON AN INFANT CHILD.

SWEET little babe come take thy rest,  
Thy mother's arms shall keep thee warm ;  
Shall give thee nurture from her breast,  
Protect thee, that thou tak'st no harm.

Heaven lent thee as a pretty treasure—  
Thy little barque shall safely sail ;  
Affording joy, delight, and pleasure—  
Smooth o'er this life's tempestuous gale.

Thy stature's small—thy features young,  
Thy days just growing with thy strength ;  
Time in its whirl will make thee strong,  
And give those days their utmost length.

The rose must bud before it bloom ;  
The lilly with the rose will vie ;  
Your little heart shall be as noon,  
Thy virtues never, never die !



### THE HARVEST ROSE.

BY J. M'CREARY:

WHEN autumn wing'd the blast with power  
To sweep the bending forests bare,  
Deep in the vale I found a flower,  
A little rose that lingered there,  
Though half its blushing sweets had fled,  
Its leaves were edged with winter snows ;  
Yet still the fragrant odors shed,  
Declared love's emblem was a rose.

With curious, though with eager haste,  
I seiz'd the little fading prize,  
Then in my bosom fondly press'd,  
The fainty blushing floweret lies ;  
I fled impatient to my fair,  
My heart with fond affection glows ;  
“A flower, my love to deck your hair,  
A little modest harvest rose.

When first its vivid blooming hue  
The armorous zephyrs kiss'd with pride,  
O then, my life, it look'd like you,  
When first I clasp'd my blushing bride.

Its fragrance still, though flown the dye,  
 Is thy pure soul, where friendship glows ;  
 It proves, though love's warm ardor die  
 'That friendship lives—sweet harvest rose!'"



The following beautiful stanzas, by Mr. BOWRIG, are from a small volume just published, entitled "*Matins and Vespers.*"

*SISTE VIATOR. !*

Look *around* thee ! See Decay  
 On her wings of darkness, sweeping  
 Earth's proud monuments away ;  
 See the Muse of History weeping  
 O'er the ruins Time hath made ;  
 Strength in dust and ashes laid—  
 Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look *around* thee ! Wisdom there  
 Careless Death confounds with Folly,  
 In a common sepulchre !  
 See the unrighteous and the holy,  
 Blended in the general wreck.  
 Well those tears may wet thy cheek—  
 Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look *around* thee ! Beauty's light  
 Is extinguished ; Death assembles  
 Youth's gay morn, and Age's night—  
 And the steadfast mountain trembles  
 At his glance, like Autumn's leaf :  
 All, he cries, is vain—is brief—  
 And the tyrant-ne'er dissembles.

Look *behind* thee ! Cities hid  
 In the night of treacherous story ;  
 Many a crumbling pyramid,

Many a pile of senseless glory,  
Temples into ruins hurl'd,  
(Fragments of an earlier world,)  
Broken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee ! Men, whose frown  
Made whole nations quake before them—  
What is left of their renown ?—  
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them.  
Kings and conquerors !—where are they ?—  
Ask yon worthless heaps of clay.  
Oh, despise not, but deplore them !

Look behind thee ! Bards sublime,  
Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages—  
Go ! inquire their names of Time ;  
Bid it read its earliest pages.  
Foolish conqueror ! If Fame  
Guard through years a cherished name—  
Fame itself decays in ages.

Look *before* thee ! All the glare,  
All the pomp around thee glowing,  
All that charms the eye or ear,  
Strains of softest music flowing,  
Grace and Beauty—all are sped  
Towards the ruins of the dead—  
Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee ! At yon vault,  
Where Time's ravage is recorded,  
Thou wilt be compelled to halt ;  
Thou wilt be no more regarded  
Than the meekest, meanest slave,  
Sleeping in a common grave,  
Unrespected—unrewarded.

Look before thee ! At thy feet  
Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures ;  
Where the voices, now so sweet ?

Where the fair ones' smiling features?  
 Hop'edst thou to escape the tomb?  
 That which was thy father's doom,  
 Will be thine, thy son's and nature's!

Look ABOVE thee! There indeed  
 May thy thoughts repose delighted.  
 If thy wounded bosom bleed,  
 If thy fondest hopes are blighted—  
 'There a stream of comfort flows,  
 'There a sun of splendor glows:  
 Wander, then, no more benighted.

Look above thee! Ages roll,  
 Present, past, and future blending—  
 Earth hath nought to soothe a soul  
 'Neath Affliction's burthen bending,  
 Nothing 'gainst the tempest's shock;  
 Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,  
 And to Heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee! Never eye  
 Saw such pleasures as await thee!  
 Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy  
 As are there prepared to meet thee:  
 Light undying—seraphs' lyres—  
 Angel-welcomes—cherub choirs  
 Smiling thro' Heaven's doors to greet thee.

---

LINES,

Suggested on seeing Capt. PARTRIDGE and his  
 Cadets passing homeward from their visit to Concord,  
 N. H. in the summer of 1822.

HARK! music's softly stealing on the ear!  
 "The concord of sweet sounds approaches near;  
 'Tis a melodious, but martial air,

"The spirit-stirring fife's shrill notes are there :  
 And lo ! a beauteous group, in neat array,  
 Decent deportment, and in spirits gay,  
 With even step pursue their time-mark'd way.  
 The flush of health is on each youthful cheek,  
 Each eye does intellect and ardor speak ;  
 A standard\* waving graceful in the air,  
 And the accoutrements of war, they bear.

Sole, and conspicuous in the van, appears  
 (Mature in stature, and of riper years,  
 Learned, to instruct, and skilful to command,)  
 The virtuous leader of the hopeful band.  
 O sacred trust ! a mind like his must feel,  
 These future guardians of his country's weal  
 To train in virtue's path and science' road,  
 And teach to serve their country, and their God !  
 These are his tasks, and this his daily care :  
 (Happy the youths, who those attentions share !)  
 "The generous purpose in the glowing breast  
 To fix," as if indelibly imprest,  
 "To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,"  
 Till thought leads on to thought—all unconfined—  
 Save where the Almighty limits human mind :  
 To excite a virtuous strife to emulate,  
 And honor's nicest sense to cultivate.  
 Not such as fires the maddened duellist  
 Or nerves the ruder boxer's strong-clench'd fist :  
 A nobler honor theirs—an honest pride—  
 Which scorns a *meanness* tho' the *mean* deride.

Pupils of early discipline, inur'd  
 'To bear with firmness, what may be endur'd ;

---

\*Presented by the young ladies of the Literary School in Concord.

†By meanness here, is meant any thing inconsistent with the dictates of a strictly virtuous and independent mind.

To smile at toil, and calmly suffer pain,  
 (No stoic apathy, nor proud disdain —)  
 With soul magnanimous—that soul alone,  
*Feels others' woes and patient bears its own.*

Columbia's sons! we hail you with delight;  
 And while receding from the eager sight,  
 Emotions of no ordinary kind  
 Rush on the soul, and swell the thinking mind,  
 Which through Hope's brightening perspective views,  
 ('Tis no vain phantasm of a dreaming Muse)  
 Patriots, heroes, sages, statesmen, rise  
 And "true and faithful" legates of the skies.  
 O press ye on, in glory's bright career;  
 That glory, which has but *commencement* here!

And when in future life, "in arts or arms,  
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms;"  
 Crown'd with the well-earnt meed of honest fame,  
 The lasting honors of *deserved* good name:  
 May these reflections, sweet each mind pervade,  
*His* that he *taught*, and *yours*, that you *obeyed*.

And when at last, summon'd to yield up breath,  
 And singly pass the iron gate of death;  
 May Faith and Hope their kindly aids apply,  
 Sustain the soul, and help the *man* to die!  
 May Charity, arrayed in robes of light,  
 Dispel the horrors of the gloomy night:  
 And the glad spirit wing its happy way  
 To the pure realms of everlasting day!



### MY BROTHER.

*Written by a Youth of only fifteen years of age*

Who oft with me at marbles play'd,  
 And all my little playthings made,

My kite or ball—though still unpaid ?  
My Brother.

Who made a sled when winter came,  
With little ropes to draw the same,  
And on its sides carv'd out my name ?  
My Brother.

Who after him my sled would tow  
Swift o'er the ice, where'er I'd go,  
And mark'd the gliding wave below ?  
My Brother.

Who smil'd to chase my childish fear,  
And wip'd away the falling tear,  
When the cold ice crack'd loud and near ?  
My Brother.

Solicitous, who taught to me  
The seeds of science, A, B, C,  
On paper mark'd them out for me ?  
My Brother.

Who to the school my books would bear,  
And lead me o'er the bridge with care,  
And lesson find for me, when there ?  
My Brother.

Who help'd me make my water-mill,  
And built the dam across the rill,  
And view'd it turn from yonder hill ?  
My Brother.

Who gather'd apples from the tree,  
Chesnuts and walnuts too—for me,  
Who cheerfully did all this ?—'twas thee,  
My Brother.

Those joyful days have had an end ;  
But oh ! to me thy kindness lend,  
And still remain my tenderest friend,  
My Brother.

And may I ever grateful be  
For all thy kindness shewn to me,  
And ne'er withdraw my love from thee,  
My Brother.

Thus through this vale of life below,  
May we the sweets of friendship know,  
And share each other's joy or wo,  
My Brother.

When earth decays, and nature dies,  
Oh ! may we, meeting in the skies,  
United be by stronger ties,  
My Brother.

*THE END.*

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